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Select Poetry and Miscellany.

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Bland as the morning breath of June,
The Southwest breezes play;
And through its haze the Winter noon
Seems warm as Summer's day.
The snow-plumed angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hill-side cell forsakes,
The musk-rat leaves his nook,
The blue-bird in the meadow-brakes
Is singing with the brook.
"Bear up, O mother nature!" cry
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free,
"Our Winter voices prophesy
Of Summer days to thee!"

So in the Winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear
O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the Winter's snow
Lie gems of Summer flowers!

The Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling;
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works,
Hath left his Hope with all!

LILIAN LOVIS.

BY MISS MARTHA RUSSELL.

"Sixty-one—two—three. It must be old Aunt Saunders," I observed, as the tolling of the South Church bell fell upon my ear. For the first time in my life I listened to its mournful tones with a feeling of relief, if not pleasure. Not that I have so far outgrown humanity as to be able to look Death in the face without fear—for I have still a childish dread of *shadows*—but I knew that a lamp, whose flame had been long dimmed by the unwholsome vapors of earth, had been re-lit in Heaven—that a harp, whose chords had been too tensely drawn while here, to give forth sweet music, had again caught up the hymn of life in that blessed land where all beautiful things

"Keep the high promise of their earlier day,"

I put on my bonnet, and in a few moments stood in the chamber of death. I have ever had a proclivity to antiquarianism, reader; but my researches have been rather in the soul-world than in the world of old ruins, or Roman antiquities. I love to take some old care-worn, world-worn face, and re-cast it in the mould of youth—to strip from it, one by one those mummy-like envelopes which time, education and custom have wrapped around it, until, Galatea-like, it stands before me, glowing with youth hope and beauty. But Aunt Saunders' face (she was the 'village aunt,' reader,) had ever been to me most tantalizing. Occasionally I fancied that I could detect a *gleam of light in her sunken eyes, that* betokened something like human interest—but, like a spot of untarnished gilding on some old, illumined manuscript, it only *seemed* to show more plainly the dilapidated condition of the rest.

How could I dream she had ever been young and fair!—that those faded, sunken eyes had ever flashed back the sunlight, or mirrored in their depths an image of love and hope?—those shrivelled lids had ever drooped, in very bashfulness, beneath the gaze of living eyes which were earnestly striving to read that tale which no man reads unmoved? By what magic could I smooth out the unnumbered wrinkles that circled round her mouth, and make it once more the gate of Love and Mirth—of song and ringing laughter?

Death revealed to me far more than *life*. *He* did not enter that solitary chamber alone. The angel of Mercy had stood by the pillow of the dying one, and re-touched those fading lineaments with something like the freshness of early life.

Then I learned—and could well credit the tale—how, in early girlhood, she had been, for three blessed years, the cherished flower of young Henry Gresham's heart—his Lily, as he fondly called her, filling his pathway with *fragrance* and beauty.—Those sunken eyes had returned light for light—those shrivelled lips, love for love,—and the young man forgot his proud mother and worldly-wise father, while he sat by her side and received both at her hands. Lilian Lovis had nothing to recommend her to the wealthy Greshams, but her sweet face and guileless heart. These were priceless in the eyes of young Harry, but, unfortunately, the old people tho't differently. They saw no beauty, save thro' the yellow atmosphere of gold—no worth, save such as could be found between the leaves of mouldy family records. Their children had been trained to *implicit* obedience, and they did not fail to represent to Harry their disapproval of his taste in such a way as to leave him no choice between love and what they called—and, alas? he thought—duty.

They succeeded in convincing his intellect, but not his heart, for there the fragrance of his Lily lingered long after the daughter of rich Jacob Greene called him husband. And once or twice during the first years of his marriage, (we say it in a whisper reader,) he was so *very* foolish as to entertain something like the i thought that Manning Farm and Long Acres was a poor exchange for the pure soul and loving tones of Lilian Lovis. But he was prudent as well as dutiful, and, in a few years, in burying the image of his youth, together with his meek-eyed Lily under a load of speculations that finally made him one of the richest men in the country.

For sometime after Harry Gresham's marriage, Lilian Lovis' eyes had a dreamy look, and, not unfrequently, a bright drop gathered on the long lashes, and fell silently down her cheek. Still she did not repine. She had been too deeply schooled in the 'meek lessons of humanity' to do that. Harry had obeyed his parents—fulfilled the commandment—and, with her New England education, she could not blame him. With an earnest effort to gather the sunshine into her heart once more, she lifted her head, and sought strength and comfort in the strict performance of such duties as fell to her lot.

Lily was still young when her mother died, but she had a high character for faithfulness and honesty, and this drew upon her the attention of old, rich, rheumatic John Saunders. He wanted a wife, or, rather, a *nurse and house-keeper* under that name, and his choice fell upon Lily.

She hesitated—but friends whispered, nay shouted, maxims of prudence and worldly wisdom in her ears, mingled with hints of dependence, until bewildered, confused, with a shudder which she prayed Heaven to forgive as the movement of a rebellious heart, she laid her hand in the bony one that reached out to grasp hers, and gave him the name of husband.

For many long months her new home seemed dark and empty,—but 'something the heart must have to cherish,' and, as her husband grew more and more feeble, pity took the place of love, and led her to think of him wich a feeling nearly akin to that which a mother feel towards a peevish, suffering child. Irritable and impatient, he could not bear to tiust her from his sight; and the freshness and fragrance of Lily soon faded in the close atmosphere of that sick chamber, while the flower dust of the heart was daily brushed away by some new exaction on the part of the querulous invalid. Yet he loved her as well as he was capable of loving anything aside from himself, and thought he made ample compensation for all her care patience by leaving her a competence in his will. So thought her friends when, after a lingering struggle of many years, he at length yielded to death. They spoke much of his generosity, and Lilian assented to their remarks, without comprehending them.

After so many years of seclusion, their voices annoyed her. She had not loved old John Saunders as a wife—she could not; but his pale, wrinkled face, peering over the back of his arm chair, watching her every moment—his sharp, querulous tones, calling her name until he obtained a reply, were it a thousand times, had, by the mere force of habit, become a part of her daily life—of herself—and now, in her utter isolation, she often turned from the condolence that sounded so much like congratulation, towards the old arm chair, almost expecting, and half wishing, to hear again his sharp-toned—"Lilian." Her long confinement had unfitted her for *the rush and stir of life; but she gradually grew to* be an oracle at births and deaths—a rare compounder of embrocations and syrups, and nurse to the whole town. To these she united *another occupation*—that of shroud-maker, and many a time have I watched her attenuated fingers pressing the long needle through the starched muslin, and thought, if the white folds were only gathered around her, the illusion would be complete. Life and death—a funeral or a birth seemed alike to her, and, to me, she was a being without human sympathies. But I was mistaken. One chord in the harp of life still vibrated to the music of earth. On the day before her death, the rich Judge Gresham, while presiding at a meeting of the directors of the——railroad, was taken with a fit of apoplexy. He lived but a few hours—but, during that time, succeeded in making a few orders and requests understood. One was, that Lilian Saunders should make his shroud. The *person who conveyed the order to aunt Saunders* did not note the trembling of her hands, or the sudden gleam of her eye, as he mentioned the death of her early lover, and his request. For some seconds after the door closed upon the messenger, she stood gazing at the snowy folds of cambric in her hand, as in a dream. "'Tis more than forty years since," she murmured, as she mechanically laid the cambric on her pillow, and pressed her cheek against the white folds. For a few moments, perchance hours, she was again his Lily, and then—Death and Mercy took her home.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that perish if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings that part assunder if one be broken. Frail thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it much more strange that they escape so long, than that they all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day, to crush the mouldering tenements that we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitution by nature. The earth and the atmosphere, whence we draw the breath of life, is pregnant with death—health is made to operate its own destruction! The food that nourishes, contains elements of decay; the soul that animates it by vivifying fire, tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush along our paths.—Notwithstanding this is the truth, so palpably confirmed by the daily examples before our eyes, how little do we lay it to heart! We see our friends and neighbors perishing among us, but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our knell shall, perhaps, give the next fruitless warn to the world!

TWILIGHT.—What a beautiful aspect does all nature wear, when the sun has just entered the gates of the east, or is sinking below the horizon in the west! The heathen personified the morning twilight as a goodness, and assigned to her the office of opening the gates of the east, to introduce the chariot of Apollo Phœbus. In the evening, after sunset, the rays of the sun still continued to illuminate the atmosphere, till he sinks below the horizon, when the twilight becomes deeper, till it is lost in dark night. Our hearts expand in love to that great Being, who is the "author of every good and perfect gift," and from whom all our blessings flow, when we look upon the great canopy, spangled with brilliant stars, which are placed there, not only for our admiration and delight, but supposed to be inhabited by immortal beings, whose organs are adapted to their peculiar circumstances. And while receiving so many bounties from the hand of our Heavenly Father, we would love and never cease to thank him, for all his kindness towards us.

A TOUGH STORY.—A native down east, describing the remarkable properties of guanos a promoter of vegetation, said that, soon after planting cucumber seeds, the dirt began to fly, and the vines came up like a stream, and although he started off at the top of his speed, the vines overtook and covered him, and in taking out his knife to cut "the darned things," he found a large cucumber going to seed in his pocket.

☞Once upon a time, an aged Methodist minister in Indiana, in a rickety old meeting house, was exhorting his fellow sinners in vain to come up and be prayed for, and thus escape "fire and damnation." In the midst of his exhortation a bench just before him broke with the weight of its occupants, and the rotten and overburdened floor giving way, some half dozen sinners made a miraculous disappearance into the cellar beneath. "And that's the way, my dear friends," continued the old man in his loudest tones and with scarcely a pause "you'll all go down to hell together, if you don't come right out that hole and be prayed for!"

A SCENE A[illegible]EA.

The war had broken out between England and France: Bonaparte had broken the treaty of Amiens: all was consternation amongst our countrymen in India, particularly those who had valuable cargoes at sea, and those who were about to return to their native land. I was one of the latter class; so I joyfully accepted a passage home on board a Dane—Denmark, as yet, remaining neuter in our quarrel.

So far as luxury went, I certainly found her very inferior to our regular Indiamen; but as a sailor, she was far superior, and in point of discipline, her crew was as well regulated, and as strictly commanded, as the crew of a British man-of-war. In fact, such order, regularity, and implicit obedience, I could never have believed to exist on board a merchantman.

The chief mate was one of the finest young men I ever saw. He had just been promoted to his present post—not from the mere fact of his being the owner's son, but really from sterling merit. He was beloved by the crew, amongst whom he had served, as is usual in the Danish service, five years, and was equally popular with his brother officers, and the passengers returning to Europe.

The only bad character we had on board was the cook, a swarthy, ill-looking Portuguese, who managed, somehow or other, daily to cause some disturbance *amongst the seamen*. For this he had often been reprimanded; and the evening when this sketch opens, he had just been released from irons, into which he had been ordered for four-and-twenty hours by the chief mate, for having attempted to poison a sailor, who had offended him. In return for having punished him thus severely, the irritated Portuguese swore to revenge himself on the first officer.

The mate, who was called Charles, was walking in the waist with a beautiful young English girl, to whom he was engaged to be married, stopping occasionally to admire the flying fish, as they skimmed over the surface of the water, pursued by their cruel destroyer, taking over the anticipated bliss their union would confer, their hopes and fears, the approval of their parents, their bright prospects, indulging in future scenes of life, as steady as the trade-wind before which they were quietly running *—when suddenly, ere a soul could interpose, or even* suspect his design, the cook rushed forward and buried his knife, with one plunge, into the heart of the unfortunate young man, who fell without a cry, as the exulting Portuguese burst forth into a demoniac laugh of triumph.

Unconscious of the full extent of her bereavement, the poor girl hung over him and as a friend, who rushed forward to support him, drew the knife from his bosom, her whole dress, which was white, was stained with blood. With an effort, Charles turned toward her, gave her one last look of fervent affection, and as the blade left the wound, fell a corpse into the arms of him who held him.

By this time the captain had come on deck. He shed tears like a child, for he loved poor Charles as his own son. The exasperated crew would instantthave fallen on the assassin, and taken summary vengeance—so truly attached had they been to the chief mate—and were only kept within bounds by their commander's presence. The cook, who appeared to glory in his deed, was instantly seized and confined. The corpse was taken below, while the wretched betrothed was carried in a state of insensibility, to her cabin.

Eight bells had struck the following evening when I received a summons to attend on deck. I therefore instantly ascended, and found the whole of the crew, dressed in their Sunday clothes, together with all the officers of the ship, and the male passengers, assembled. The men of duty were lining either side of the deck; the captain, surrounded by his officers was standing immediately in front of the poop; and the body of the unfortunate victim lay stretched on a grating, over which the national flag of Denmark had been thrown, immediately in the centre. In an instant I saw that I had been summoned to be present at the funeral of the chief mate, and my heart beat high with grief as I uncovered my head, and stepped on the quarter-deck.

It was nearly a dead calm: we had passed the trades, and were fast approaching the Line: the sun had begun to decline, but still burnt with a fervent heat: the sails hung listlessly against the masts, and the mainsail was brailed up, in order to allow the breeze, should any rise, to go forward. I had observed all the morning a still more sure indication of our approach to the torrid zone. Through the clear blue water, I had remarked a couple of sharks following the vessel, accompanied by their usual companions, the pilot-fish. This the sailors had expected as a matter of course—as they superstitiously believe that these monsters of the deep always attach themselves to a ship in which a dead body lies, anxiously anticipating their dreadful meal. In their appearance, however, I only saw the usual announcement of our vicinity to the Line.

In such weather, placed in a ship which seems to represent the whole world—shut out from all save the little band which encircles us, with the wide and fathomless element around us—the ethereal throne from which God seems to look down upon us: at one moment our voice rising in solemn prayer for one we have loved, and the next, the plash of the divided waters, as they receive in their bosom the creature He has made—all these, at such a moment, make the heart thrill with a deeper awe—a closer fellowship with its Creator—than any resident on shore can know—a consciousness of the grandeur of God and the feebleness of man, which those alone can feel who "go down in ships, and see the wonders of the deep."

I took my place with the other passengers. Not a word was spoken, for we all believed we were about to witness the last rites performed over our late friend, and, consequently, stood in anxious silence; when suddenly a steady tramp was heard, and the lab board watch, with drawn cutlass, slowly marched down the waist, escorting the murderer, whom they conducted to the side of the corpse, then withdrew a few paces, and formed a line, which completed the hollow square.

We now began to exchange glances. Surely the assassin had not been brought here to witness the burial of his victim—and yet what else could it be for? Had it been for trial, (as we had heard that the Danes often proceeded to instant investigation and summary punishment) we should probably have seen the tackle prepared for hanging the culprit at the yard-arm. This, was not the case; and we all, therefore, felt puzzled as to the meaning of the scene.

We were not long kept in doubt. The second mate read from a paper, which he held in his hand, the full powers delegated to the captain to hold court-martial, and carry their sentences into effect, the law in similar cases, &c., &c., and called on the prisoner to know whether he would consent to be tried in the Danish language. To this he willingly assented, and the court was declared open.

The flag was withdrawn from the face of the corpse, and even the monster who had struck the blow shuddered as he beheld the calm, almost seraphic, look of him whom he had stricken.

The trial now proceeded in the most solemn manner. Evidence of the crime was adduced, and the deed clearly brought home to the accused. I confess that my blood turned cold when I saw the knife produced, which had been used as the instrument of the murder, and the demon-like smile of the prisoner as he beheld it, stained as it was with the blood of one who had been forced by his duty to punish him.

After a strict investigation, the captain appealed to all present, when the prisoner was unanimously declared guilty.

The officers put on their hats, and the captain proceeded to pass sentence. Great was my surprise (not understanding one word which the commander said) to see the culpret throw himself on his knees, and begin to sue for mercy. After the unfeeling and obdurate manner in which he had conducted himself, such an appeal was unaccountable; for it was quite evident he did not fear death, or repent the deed he had committed. What threatened torture could thus bend his hardened spirit, I was at a loss conjecture.

Four men now approached and lifted up the corpse. A similar number seized the prisoner, while ten or twelve orther approached with strong cords. In a moment, I understood the whole, and could not wonder at the struggles of the murderer, as I saw him lashed back to back, firmly, tightly, without the power to move, to the dead body of his victim.—His cries were stopped by a sort of gag, and, writhing as he was, he, with the body, was laid on the grating, and carried to the gangway. The crew mounted on the nettings, and up the shrowds. A few prayers from the Danish burial-service were read by the chaplain on board, and the dead and the living, the murderer and his victim, were launched into eternity, bound together.

As the dreadful burden separated the clear waters, a sudden flash darted through their transparency, and a general shudder went round, as each one felt it was the expectant shark that rushed forward for his prey. I caught a glance of the living man's eye *as he was falling; it haunts me even to this moment* —there was more than agony in it!

We paused only for a few minutes, and imagined we saw some blood-stains rising to the surface.—Not one amongst us could remain to see more. We turned away, and sought to forget the stern and awe-inspiring punishment we had seen inicted.

Of course, strange sights were related as having appeared to the watches that night. For myself, I can only say, that I was glad when a sudden breeze drove us far from the tragic scene.

THE TIGHT-BOOT: OR, HOW A YOUNG MAN WENT INTO A BALL ROOM.

About five years ago I happened at a wedding in one of the back wood countries of Georgia, at the house of Major S. Being the wealthiest man in those parts, he was desirous of giving a great flare-up, and for this purpose had invited a large number of guests to witness the nuptials of the eldest of three-blooming, cherry-lipped, strong-limbed, clean-footed daughters. Among the invited guests I observed the face of Bill P., a representative of the country at the "University," whom I had known as the *butt* of his class while there, but who was destined to act a conspicuous part on the present memorable occasion. Bill was an *original*—*sui generis*. He was peculiarly attached to his head, which was unique in shape, and clothed with curls which resembled less Hyperion's than the setting sun in hue. He was six feet two in his stockings, with legs meeting a long way up, and more resembling a pair of compasses than anything I can at present imagine,—Add to this, he was twenty years of age, and reeking with verdancy and bashfulness and you have his daguerreotype. The ceremony had been performed, the hour was waxing late, and all seemed to be enjoying the flow of soul.

I had exhausted the fun from the various groups, and was looking about for a subject of interest, when I perceived Bill sitting like Napoleon, solitary and alone, with a face, the agony of whose expression I shall never forget. Approaching him, I kindly inquired the cause of his distress, and proffered him assistance.

"Give me your arm," said he, "I am deathly sick; let me find a room and go to bed."

He grasped my arm convulsively, and limping along, we went into a private room which Major S. had assigned me as my quarters for the night. I soon discovered the cause of Bill's malady, which was a small pair of boots on his large feet, worn with the view of curtailing the fair proportions of those members. He endeavored in vain to release his feet; and as it was impossible to get the assistance of a servant, I volunteered to tug at them myself, when he had completely exhausted his strength. We succeeded at once in pulling off one: but the other resisted our every effort. Bill was in agony: his foot was badly swollen, and yet he did not cut the boot. At last he arose, his eyes in a "fine frenzy rolling," and dripping with perspiration, and pronouncing anathemas, not loud but deep, upon all gathering's in general, and country weddings in particular, he divested himself of every garment save that one terrible boot. The merriment in the adjoining chamber contrasted strangely with the anguish in mine.

The guests had now all gone into the ball-room. I could hear every note of preparation made by the fiddler. Approaching nearer the wall I discovered a door which opened into the room where they were about commencing the dance. By this time Bill had recovered strength, and re-commenced the tug with his boot. In vain he essayed every position and attitude. At last he thought he might accomplish his object by placing his back to the wall, his right foot against one of my feet, and obtain my assistance. He placed himself firmly against the door, and I caught his leg and began to pull, gradually yielding and bidding him make "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," the boot unexpectedly gave way and with it the door, and Bill went tumbling into the ball room!

Such screams from the females, and such consternation among the beaux was never before seen. In the midst of my mirth uproarious I heard the clatter of *horse's hoof, and looking out of the window* I beheld a solitary horseman flying with the speed of a locomotive, his long hair streaming in the wind, and clothed in full Georgia costume, to wit—a shirt collar and a pair of spurs. It was poor Bill.

A MORMON CONVENTICLE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Passing up Merrimack street the other day, my attention was arrested by a loud, earnest voice, apparently engaged in preaching, or rather "holding forth," in the second story of the building opposite. I was in the mood to welcome any thing of a novel character, and following the sound, I passed up a flight of stairs leading to a long, narrow, and somewhat shabby room, dignified by the appellation of classic hall.

Seating myself, I looked about me. There were from fifty to one hundred persons in the audience, in which nearly all classes of this heterogeneous community seemed pretty fairly represented, all listening with more or less attention to the speaker.

He was a young man, with a dark, enthusiastic complexion, black eyes and hair, with his collar thrown back, and his coat cuffs turned over, revealing a somewhat unique quantity of "fine linen," bending over his coarse board pulpit, and gesticulating with the vehemence of Hamlet's player, "tearing his passion to rags." A band of mourning crape, fluttering with a spasmodic action of his left arm, and an allusion to "our late beloved brother Joseph Smith," sufficiently indicated the sect of the speaker. He was a *Mormon*—a saint of the latter days.

His theme was the power of faith. Although evidently unlearned, and innocent enough of dealing in such "abominable matters as a verb or a nown, which no christian ear can endure," to have satisfied Jack Cade himself, there was a straight forward vehemence and intense earnestness in his manner, which at once disarmed my criticism. He spoke of Adam in paradise, as the lord of the lower world—"For," said he, water couldn't drown him, fire couldn't burn him, cold couldn't freeze him—nothing could harm him, for he had all the elements under his feet. And what, my hearers, was the secret of this power? His faith in God: that was it. Well, the devil wanted this power. He behaved in a mean, *ungentlemanly* way, and deceived Eve, and lied to her, he did. And so Adam lost his faith.—And all this power over the elements that Adam had, the devil got, and has it now. He is the prince of the power of the air, *consequently*, he is the master of the elements and lord of this world. He has filled it with unbelief, and robbed man of his birthright, and will do so until the hour of the power of darkness is ended and the [illegible] with the chains in his hand to bind the old serpent and dragon."

Another speaker, a stout, black-browed "son of thunder," gave an interesting account of his experience. He had been one of the apostles of the Mormon Evangel, and had visited Europe. He had but "three cents in his pocket" when he reached England. He went to the high professors of all sects, and they would not receive him; they pronounced him "damned already." He was reduced to great poverty and hunger—alone in a strange land, with none to bid him welcome. He was on the very verge of starvation. "Then," said he, "I knelt down and prayed in earnest faith, 'Lord give me this day my daily bread.' O, I tell ye, I *prayed with a good appetite*; and I rose up and moved to go to a house at hand. I knocked at the door, and when the owner came I said to him, "I am a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, from America. I am starving, will you give me some food?" "Why, bless you, yes," said the man, "sit down and eat as much as you please." And I did sit down at his table, blessed be God; but, my dear hearers, he was not a professor, he was not a Christian, but one of Robert Owen's infidels. The Lord reward him for his kindness."

In listening to these modern prophets, I discovered, as I think, the great secret of their success in making converts. They speak to a common feeling: they minister to a universal want. They contrast strongly the miraculous power of the gospel in the apostolic time with the present state of our nominal christianity. They ask for the signs of divine power; the faith, overcoming all things, which opened the prison doors of the apostles, gave power over the elements, which rebuked disease and death itself, and made visible to all the presence of a living God. They ask for any declaration in the Scriptures, that this miraculous power of faith was to be confined to the first professors of christianity. They speak a language of hope and promise to weak, weary hearts, tossed and troubled, who have wandered from sect to sect, seeking in vain for the primal manifestations of the divine power.

In speaking of Mormonism as a delusion, I refer more particularly to the apocryphal book of Mormon. That the great majority of the "Latter Day Saints" are honest and sincere fanatics, I have no reason to doubt. They have made great sacrifices and endured severe and protracted persecution for their faith. The reports circulated against them by their unprincipled enemies in the west, are, in the main, destitute of foundation. I place no dependence upon the charges against them by the ruffian *mob of the Mississippi valley, and the reckless slave*-drivers, who, at the point of the bayonet and bowie-knife, expelled them from Missouri, and signalized their Christian crusade against unbelievers by murdering old men, and violating their innocent wives and daughters. It is natural that the wrong-doers should hate those they have so foully injured.

The Prophet himself, the master-spirit of this extraordinary religious movement, is no more. He died by the hand of wicked and barbarous men, a martyr—unwilling, doubtless, but still a martyr to his faith. For, after all, Joe Smith, could not have been wholly incincere; or, if so at the outset, it is more than probable that his extraordinary success, his wonderful power over the minds of men, caused him to seem a miracle and a marvel to himself, and like Mahommed and Napoleon, to consider himself the chosen instrument of the eternal Power.

In the "Narrative of an eye-witness of the Mormon Massacre," published in a western paper, I was a good deal impressed by the writer's account of the departure of the prophet from the "holy city," to deliver himself up to the state authorities at Warsaw. It was well understood, that in so doing he was about to subject himself to extreme hazard. The whole country round about was swarming with armed men *eager to embrue their hands in his blood*. The city was in a fearful state of alarm and excitement. The great Nauvoo legion, with its two thousand strong of armed fanatics, was drawn up in the principle square. A word from the prophet would have converted that dark silent mass into desperate and unsparing defenders of their leader, and the holy places of their faith. Mounted on his favorite black horse, he rode through the glittering files, and with words of cheer and encouragement, exhorted them to obey the laws of state, and give their enemies no excuse for persecution and outrage. "Well," said he, as he left them, "they are good boys if I never see them again." Taking leave of his family and more intimate friends, he turned his horse, and rode up in front of the great temple, as if to take a final look at the proudest trophy of his power. After contemplating it for a while in silence, he put spurs to his horse, in company with his brother, who, it will be recollected, shared his fate in the prison, dashed away towards Warsaw, and the prarie horizon shut down beneath him and the city of saints for the last time.

Once in the world's history we were to have a yankee prophet, and we have had him in Joe Smith. For good or for evil, he has left his track on the great pathway of life; or, to use the words of Horne, "knocked out a window in the wall of the nineteeth century," whence his rude, bold, good-humored face will peep out for generations to come. But the prophet has not trusted his fame merely to the keeping of the spiritual. He has incorporated himself with the enduring stone of the great Nauvoo temple, which, when completed will be the most splendid architectural monument in the new world. With its huge walls of *hewn stone—its thirty gigantic* pillars, loftier than those of Baalbec—their massive caps carved into the likeness of enormous human faces, themselves resting upon crescent moons, with a gigantic profile of the most beautiful city site of the west, overlooking the "Father of Waters;" —a temple unique and wonderful as the faith of its builder, embodying in its singular and mysterious architecture, the Titan idea of the Pyramids, and the solemn and awe-inspiring thought which speaks from the Gothic piles of the middle ages.—*Howitt's Journal.*

Editorial, News Items, &c.

HURRAH FOR CASS.—The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* says that when the news of Cass' nomination reached there, a boat from the west full of passengers, happened at that time to arrive at the piers. One of our citizens stepped on board, and was immediately accosted by some half dozen enquirers if anything had been heard from Baltimore. The citizen replied that Gen. Cass had been nominated by over a two-thirds vote. There was a pause for were strangers, and did not like to give vent to feelings that might be unpleasant to some. At length one man spoke out, "well," says he, "that is a good nomination." "Never a better one," says another. "That's just what I think," says a third, and the same sentiment passed round, till finally they got up a regular shout. There proved to be but *one* whig in the crowd, and he went off *whistling*.

BLOODY MILITIA FIGHT.—A militia regimental parade at Tuscarora, in this State, lately, was more than usually spirited. A sentinel having knocked down one of two or three who attempted to pass the lines, almost instantly some 20 or 30 Germans against Irish, were engaged as if in deadly conflict. Muskets, swords, clubs and stones, were used as if with the full intention of taking life; and before peace could be restored, the ground was covered with victims, bloody, bruised and cut, some of them so severely injured that it was thought they would not recover. Several prosecutions have been instituted.

RESOLUTIONS.—Our whig great men (and there are no other, let whig newspapers tell the story) are good at making resolutions—they are also good at breaking them—somehow or other they can't keep them. Take Mr. Clay for instance; *he* went to Washington some time since *resolved* to declare himself *not* a candidate for the Presidency; but shortly afterwards he comes out in a letter and says he *is* a candidate.

Take Gen. Scott for a second instance. *He* went to Elizabethtown resolved *not* to accept of public civilities; a day afterwards he accepts the invitation of the the New York Common Council, and leaves his place of *retirement*, "laboring" as he was, under the "ban of Executive displeasure;" or as a correspondent of the Boston *Chronotype* says, he overcame his "maiden timidity" and consented to a public pageant *in his honor*.

Resolutions are "first rate things"—*if* you don't break them.

Foreign Items by the Niagara.

One account from Paris says that Louis Blanc was still at liberty, and another that he had been arrested, and still another that he had fled.

The strongest means have been adopted to prevent the recurrence of physical display, by the numbers of the secret clubs,

Advices as late as the evening of the 18th state that the city had been perfectly tranquil during the day.

Citizen Sobrier, in the *interim*, repaired to the Ministry of the interior with his monta guards. He demanded admittance and the transfer of the ministry to him, and of the military posts to his faithful followers.

He was admitted, but only to be arrested. His hundred partisans were disarmed, stripped even of their scarlet cravats, and turned adrift.

After the Chamber of Deputies and the Hotel de Ville had been purged of their new occupants, and after the arrest of several parties connected with the attempted revolution, who had in the first instance escaped, all Paris presented masses of national guards, moving in columns of thousands to the great points of the city, the people of all classes, with here and there a solitary exception, cheering them on. During the night, several regiments of the line, marched to the capital. The republican guards, a corps formed at the revolution, and only subject to the orders of the Prefect of Police, was ordered by the executive committee to be disbanded, but this troop had refused to quit the prefecture, or to allow the national guard to enter it. They declined even to obey any verbal orders from their chief, Causcidiere, who was then at the Assembly. This contest continued for several hours during which a great military force collected around the prefecture. At 4 o'clock, 10,000 men surrounded it.

They admitted some detachments of the national guard within the building. During the night, however, the neighborhood continued as before to be occupied by the troops, who bivouacked in the street.

The number of prisoners at Vincennes is 67, and 33 are under arrest at the *Hotel de Ville*.

Advices of the 17th state that things begin to assume the aspect of civil order. The walls have been placarded with an apologetic manifesto from M. Causidere, in which he endeavors to defend himself.

Ledru-Rollin was arrested, his name having been in the list of the pretended government, but Lamartine becoming responsible for him, he was released.

On many persons were found pistols, daggers, and on some letters from the chief of the plot. One of the persons arrested had a paper in his hand, which he thrust in his mouth and tried to swallow, but being seized by the throat, he was obliged to give it up, and it turned out to be a list of the chief conspirators.

REMARKS OF GEN. CASS.

On the Bill granting to the State of Illinois the right of way, and a donation of public lands for making a Rail Road connecting the upper and lower Mississippi with the chain of northern lakes at Chicago, Gen. Cass said:

As I intend to vote for this bill, I wish to say a very few words in regard to it. The subject has been often before the Senate; and the Senator from Connecticut has as often reiterated his scruples, taking the same ground that he has taken to-day, and carefully avoided the grounds upon which the bill rests. This bill does not touch the question of internal improvement at all. It asserts no right on the part of this government to lay out a road, or to regulate the construction of a road. The federal government is a great landholder; it possesses an extensive public domain: and we have the power, under the constitution, to dispose of that domain; and a very unlimited power it is. The simple question is, what disposition we may make of the public lands? No one will contend for the doctrine that we cannot give them away to a State. As the Senator from Kentucky has said, every President has signed bills asserting the principle that these lands may be disposed of by the general government, without restriction as to the purpose of such disposition. We may bestow them for school purposes, or we may bestow a portion for the purpose of improving the value of the rest. What right have you to sit still and see your lands growing in value, through the instrumentality of individuals, without rendering any aid in furtherance of that object? It is the settlement of the lands that make them valuable. It is the settler who converts the howling wilderness into fruitful fields. It is the labor and enterprise of the settler that has given you in the west a magnificent empire, and one which has arisen within so brief a period that it is almost incomprehensible. When I told the story in Europe, that I had crossed the Ohio when there were scarcely twenty thousand people in that country, and that it now contains five millions, they did not laugh in my face, to be sure, but they did not believe what I said. There is no parallel in the history of man—no such splendid tribute to human industry and enterprise—since the first man went out of the garden of Eden. It is not twenty-five years ago that I sat all night in a canoe at the head of the pond at Chicago, there being no human habitation in which we could obtain shelter from the mouth of the Illinoise to the mouth of the Chicago river; and now it is one of the great highways of travel between the northern lakes and the ocean. Sir, I hope the gentleman will put this upon its true ground, leaving out the constitutional question, and taking alone into consideration what is your duty as landholders in a new country—a county, too, which must derive its improvement from the industry and enterprise of our own population, where every stroke of the woodman's axe redounds to your advantage. The man who sits down with his family in the wilderness to make for himself a home, evinces more moral courage than the man who goes into battle. No man who has not experienced the difficulties and dangers he has to encounter, can estimate them. I appeal to the Senator from Connecticut to look at it in this point of view. He is from an old country, where such improvements have been ready made to his hands by his great-great-grandfather. Roads have been made and bridges built for his accommodation; but he must recollect that, his cotemporaries, his friends around him, his children, perhaps, are going into this new country and enduring privations to make that valuable which was not so before.

FROM MEXICO.

Orizimba, May the 16, 1848.—On the highest pinnacle of the frozen summit of Orizaba waves the Star-Spangled Banner! So, you may tell Mr. Polk, his cabinet, and all Congress assembled, that they may pass what laws they please, make treaties, and the Mexicans issue pronunciamentos, but still will the American flag wave over their country; for who will go up there to pull it down? Humbort tried it and failed; it defeated his utmost exertions; and it was one of the few instances where he ever gave up an undertaking that he once resolved upon. But he pronounced the feat impracticable. But few others have ever attempted it since, and all came back with terrible accounts of the dangers of the undertaking; so the work was left for Yankee sailors and Yankee soldiers. For two or three days the party were busy making their preparations—the blacksmiths the sailors were making rope-ladders, snow-shoes, &c. Everything being ready the party started off, composed of Maj. Manigault and Lieut. Reynolds, U. S. A.; Lieut. Maynard, of the Navy; Lieut. Rodgers, do.; Capts. Lomax and Higgins, of the Alabama Volunteers; Capt. White, Dr. Banks and Adjutant Hardaway, 30 soldiers, and two sailors of the Naval Batterry. The second day they encamped 12,000 feet above the level of the sea with the thermometer standing considerably below the freezing point. Here they had an abundance of wood, and built fires all around them; but with all their precautions few slept a wink, on account of the cold. At early daylight the following morning the whole party set out. They were soon in the snow and ice, and now came the tug—the air become more ratified at every step, made it necessary to stop and pant for breath; but they had not ascended more than 3000 feet higher up, before the whole party, with a few exceptions, were seized with a painful nausea and vomiting; still they tugged on, unwilling to give it up. But the party was diminishing—the great rarefaction of the air and coolness painfully affected a great many, and compelled them to return; and when the summit was reached, all had given out but five, viz: Manigault, Lieut. Maynard, Lieut. Reynolds, Captain Lomax and Passed Midshipman Rodgers. Here they shook hands and sat down to rest from labors, and enjoy the glorious prospects before them—Puebla, Jalapa, Cordova, the 90 miles off, and a host of villages on the plan. They descended a short distance into the crater, and brought up some beautiful specimens of chrystals and lava, and a large quantity of the most beautiful specimens of sulphur.

After all this was done, the ceremony of planting the American flag was gone through. The Navy had this honor, and honor they were fairly entitled to, having sat down in the snow over the night and made it of three shirts. Fortunately the sailors were dressed in blue and red shirts, which, with Lt. Rogers' white one, furnished all the colors. It must have been amusing enough to have seen them sitting down there by the blazing faggotts sewing and shivering. The flag has but 13 stars, after the old original 13 states. A bottle was likewise left, containing a paper with the names of the successful few. The barometer which was taken up ceased to indicate more than 17,300 feet, and when it ran out they were, as I learn, at least 1,000 feet from the top. This would make the height 18,300 feet, instead of 17,500, as heretofore estimated; and this makes it the third highest mountain in the world, and higher than Popocatapel. When the party returned they slid down on the ice and snow. The citizens of Orizaba do not believe them when they say that they have been on the summit, and the crater, and unfortunately there is no such thing as a spyglass in the city, or they might see the flag.—They would as soon believe that a man had visited the nether world and returned, as the top of the mountain. With a telescope, the flag ought to be seen, on a clear day, from Vera Cruz. This account was given me by one of the officers who went up.—I have seen and talked with the whole party. I thought that the feat was worthy of a seperate letter.—*N. O. Delta.*

Irish Democracy.—It is often a query to our Whig friends why the mass of the Irish Emigrants invariably connect themselves with the Democratic party. An Irish frfend solves the mystery.—Said he, "When I arrived in New York, I called on an old friend, and amongst other inquired I inquired about this Loco Foco party. Why, said my friend, I am a Loco Foco—and he then went on to detail the origin of the term, and the principles of the two parties, and I found that the Loco Foco, or Democratic party, advocate the same principles as were maintained by Daniel O'Connell, universal liberty, and universal suffrage—and that the whig party advocated the principles of the Old Tory party of England. And that gentleman made me a Loco Foco! and that, s why all the Irish are Demosrats.!

In a church-yard in the north of England in this epitaph upon one John Newton:—

"Here lies alas! and more's the pity,
All that remains of John Newetty."

To which is attached the following:—

"N. B.—The man's name was Nowtown, but it would not rhyme."

THE OBSERVER.

ERIE PA:

SATURDAY MORNING JUNE 10, 1848.

☞ THOMAS H. ELLISON and R. O. LANDON are duly authorised traveling Agents for the Observer—we have no others.

Democratic Nominations.

FOR PRESIDENT,

GEN. LEWIS CASS,

OF MICHIGAN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

Gen. Wm. O. Butler,

OF KENTUCKY.

PARTY NAMES.

There always will and ought to be two parties in this country. The very nature of our institutions demands it. The one will represent those principles of popular liberty promulgated by Jefferson—that confidence in the masses which never distrusts ultimately their judgment, but when falsehood and humbugery have led them astray, hopefully looks forward to their return to their true interests and true faith—while the other represents that system of political economy which is briefly embraced in the dogma of "Let the government take care of the rich, and the rich will take care of the poor." The first is a party of progress, and whatever is wise and good, calculated to elevate the masses, of which it is composed, it readily avails itself. The latter is its opposite. It seeks amid the musty tomes of ancient writers on government, rules of action for the present generation. It distrusts the people's capacity for self-government, and like a miser, would debar the "outside barbarians" from a participation in the heaven-born influence of our popular institutions. The first are styled *Democrats*—the latter *Federalists*, and many are the complaints of our friends because we do not, at all times, so designate them. They are, emphatically, a party of *expediency*. At first they were *proud* of the name Federalist, but a succession of defeats rendered it odious to the people, and it became expedient to change it, and they contended for years against the Democracy under the name of *National Republicans*. Not having modernized any of their political notions, they met with no better success, and in due time that, also, became thread-bare. About this time *Anti-Masonry* came like a God-send, and they bestrode it without saddle or bridle, and soon rode it to death. Then it was, with its carrion carcass stinking in every man's nostrils, that they re-baptized themselves, and came out *Whig*. We do not really know who it was that acted as political high-priest in this baptism, but believe the honor belongs to Webb, of the New York Courier and Enquirer. Certain it is, a more appropriate selection could not have been made from among the horde who "bent the supple hinges of the knee" around the patriot Jackson, "that thrift might follow fawning," but who disappointed, found in the vaults of the United States' Bank a healing balm for all their wounds. A more palpable misnomer, however, could not have been selected; but this, probably, was its chief recommendation. The words "Whig" and "Democrat," are in reality, almost synonymous in their meaning, and do not, it will be perceived, express the real difference between the two parties.

The term "Whig," we believe, originated in the seventeenth century, in the reign of the Charles's of England, and was used to designate the advocates of *popular rights*, in contradistinction to the *tories*, or upholders of kingly power and prerogative. In this sense it was first used by our forefathers in the revolution. How far the whig party of the present day are entitled to be considered the *advocates of popular rights*, is easily to be perceived. We think it was these self-styled "*advocates of popular rights*" that with bayonet and ball opposed the *Democracy* of Rhode Island in their attempts to peacably *get rid of a constitution or charter granted by one of these same* Charles's, of *England*. How well the term "Whig" fits the shoulders of *such* a party! Then, we believe it was those same "advocates of popular rights," that when the people of Pennsylvania, elected a Governor by [illegible] thousand majority, issued a manifesto calling upon its followers to "treat the election as though it had not taken place," and called out the militia to prevent the instalation of the people's chosen representatives. Verily, how well the term "Whig" applies here.

These "advocates of popular rights," have opposed every measure calculated to advance the great cause of political freedom—they have advocated every dogma in political economy at variance with the elevation and interests of the masses, and have invariably in their appeals to the people, sought to reach their hearts, and obtain their support, through their pockets instead of their patriotism. Are we engaged in a war in defence of our soil and flag—to redress the murder of our citizens, the impressment of our seamen, or the sanctity of our firesides—the cry of "gold," "gold" is rung in the ears of the people, and taxation held up as the great bug-bear to frighten them from supporting it. And yet, they will coolly set down and argue the policy of *imposing more tax* on the people that the wealthy manufacturers may become more wealthy, and of course, the farmer and mechanic, who consume the manufacturer's products, *less so*. They advocate the establishment of Banks, that monopoly may flourish. They seek to rob the government of one of its sources of revenue, the public lands, that corruption may become respectable and usurp the place of integrity, and that higher duties may be levied. They would place the public moneys in the keeping of the banks, that speculation might run riot, and political integrity be made a merchantable commodity. They would confine our institutions to the original limits of the confederacy, because they distrust the intelligence of the people. For this reason they have successively opposed the acquisition of Louisiana, Florida, Texas and New Mexico and California.

And this is the party that arrogates to itself the revered name of "whig," the "advocates of popular rights," *par excellence*. These are the principles of the party that call us "Locofocos," and will not allow that we are *democrats*. Ought we not, if we would be just, call them by their true appelation—*Federal*? Certainly—but then, there are many honest, gentlemanly men among them, whose feelings we would fain spare, for they are not responsible for the *low-bred black-guardism* exhibited by their Editors and orators in styling the Democracy "Locofocos." Besides, Democracy teaches us to be *charitable*—to look with an eye of *hope* and *compassion* upon *ignorance* wherever found—whether among the untutored, uneducated serfs of Russia, or in the Editorial chair of a "whig" newspaper!

Major Borland.—This gentleman, of the Encarnation prisoners, and lately appointed a Senator of the United States, from Arkansas, has published an address, in which he announces himself a candidate for re-election. He says that he designs mainly giving his legislative attention to the allowance of the just claims of the volunteers, and particularly the Encarnation prisoners, and to the initiation at least, if not the completion, of a series of measures by which the Federal Government may constitutionally and properly extend the benefits of an extensive and practicably useful system of internal improvements.

☞ A large and enthusiastic Ratification Meeting was held by the indomitable democracy of Western Crawford, at Conneautville, a week ago to-day. In the course of the proceedings three gentlemen who had heretofore acted with the whigs, came forward and gave in their adhesion to Cass and Butler—one of them, a soldier of the last war, said he knew Gen. Cass personally—knew his worth as a man, statesman and soldier, and would therefore go for him in November. After raising a hickory pole, the first of the campaign, we believe, and adopting a series of able and patriotic resolutions, the meeting adjourned with three cheers for Cass, three for Butler, three for our brave army in Mexico, three for France, three for Ireland, and nine for progressive democracy This is the true spirit, and gives an earnest that Pennsylvania will roll up an old fashioned Jackson majority of thirty-thousand in November.

Gen. Cass "is committed against River and Harbor improvements, *inasmuch as he has sustained President Polk's Veto, and manifested contempt of the Chicago Convention.—Fredonia Censor.*"

The Fredonia *Censor* complains that we quoted it unfairly last week, in our animadversions upon its charge that Gen. Cass "is committed against River and Harbor improvements," because we did not give the above quotation entire. It charges us with "garbling"—with "leaving out the gist of the sentence," &c. We certainly intended no such thing—when we wrote the article in question, the Censor was not before us, and we quoted from memory, thus putting a more *charitable* construction upon its language than it will really admit of. As it now stands, the *Censor's* language contains a most *unwarrantable falsehood*—a gross *libel*, which no explanation it can hereafter make will palliate. The Editor of that paper either wrote this falsehood *ignorantly or designedly*. If the former, all we have to say is, go and inform yourself next time before you write. If the latter, *we pity him!*

The Censor does not deny that Gen. Cass has voted for every River and Harbor Bill which has been broight before the Senate since he has been a member of that body, but says "inasmuch as he has sustained President Polk's veto," &c., he "is committed against" them.—Now this language must mean that he has *voted* to sustain the President's veto. If it does not mean this, it *means nothing*. And we propose to show, by evidence that cannot be controverted—the records of the Senate and House, and the Constitution of the United States—that he could have neither voted to sustain the Veto or spoken in its favor. The second clause of the seventh Section of the Constitution of the United States says that, if the President disapproves of a bill, he shall *return it* with his objections to *that* House in which it *shall have originated; if they pass it by two-thirds, it shall be sent* with the *objections* to the *other* House. Now the first Harbor and River bill was introduced into the *House* on the 31st of December, 1845, and passed a first and second reading. On the 20th of March following, it finally passed, and on the 24th of July passed the Senate, Gen. Cass *voting in the affirmative*. On the 3d of August the President returned it to the *House of Representatives*—not Senate—in which it originated, with his objections, and after being discussed, the vote was taken on its passage, and resulted, ayes 68, noes 55. There not being *two-thirds* it *never went* to the Senate, consequently Gen. Cass *could not have* "sustained" *that* veto of President Polk.

The other Harbor Bill vetoed by President Polk was introduced into the *House of Representatives* on the 23d of December, 1846, and passed that body on the 20th of February following. It passed the Senate, Gen. Cass *voting in the affirmative*, on the last day of the session, the 3d of March. Soon after the commencement of the present session of Congress the President returned it with his objections, to the House of Representatives, *where it originated*. And as it did not pass that body by *two-thirds*, the Senate was not called to act upon it, consequently Gen. Cass had no opportunity to "sustain" *that* veto of President Polk. Now what has become of the Censor's charge? "Gen. Cass is committed against River and Harbor improvements, inasmuch as he has sustained President Polk's Veto, and manifested contempt for the Chicago Convention," says that sheet, but the records of Congress show that the first part of the charge is *false*, the second *improbable*, and as to the third, "manifesting contempt for the Chicago Convention," the Censor is at liberty to make all the capital it can out of *that*. We were a member of that convention, and *know* that a more stupendous humbug never was got up. The delegates were appointed, in a majority of cases, by meetings numbering less than a hundred. The meeting that appointed the delegates here, did not number *fifty*. In Cleveland and Detroit it was the same. In Sandusky, Toledo, and Huron it was equally so. Many went without being appointed at all, by even a fireside gathering. They wanted to see the country, to traverse the great lakes, to breathe the fresh air, and "threw their business to the dogs," and went. Will the Censor pretend that, even if Gen. Cass had "manifested contempt" for a self-constituted convention like this, it is any evidence that he is "committed against River and Harbor improvements." Gen. Cass's votes on this question were before the convention—they are so plain that he who [illegible] and it was not necessary that he should write a voluminous letter to explain what everybody knew, or ought to know. But did it never strike the editor of the Censor, and those who, like him, quote with such gusto, the letter of Gen. Cass referred to, that it *was not written in answer* to the Committee of Arrangements for that Convention? If it did not, it is *no less true?* The history of that letter is briefly this. A meeting was called at Detroit to appoint delegates—it was adjourned, we believe, because nobody attended. A second meeting was held, with but little better success as to numbers, and delegates appointed. The chairman of those delegates, or the chairman of a committee appointed by them for the purpose, transmitted an invitation to Gen. Cass to accompany *them*. This the General declined to do for satisfactory reasons. And this the Censor calls "manifesting contempt for the Chicago Convention." Having shown the falsehood embraced in the first part of the charge, we are inclined to the belief that the public will not put much faith in the balance.

☞ A destructive hurricane, accompanied with thunder, hail and rain, swept over Detroit on Tuesday evening. Glass was broken, chimneys carried away, shade trees prostrated, lumber blown into the river, the upper deck of the steamboat Wayne taken off and landed in the river and two small houses demolished. The city property at the water works suffered severely, the repairs of which will cost some two thousand dollars.

Law Case adjourned by Telegraph.—When the day for trying a law case between two Cincinnati steamboat captains came on lately, it was rendered desirable to defer the case, one having gone to Pittsburg, the other to St Louis. Telegraphic dispaches were successively transmitted to both, and the consent of each to put it off, obtained. The proceedings by telegraph were entered on the magistrate's docket, being the first legal lightning transaction in the world.

"The Alleghenians."—A band of vocalists bearning this name, whose musical powers we have seen noticed in the most flattering terms by our cotemporaries in almost every city and town in the country, we learn will pay our city a visit this week, and give one concert. We trust that the music loving of our citizens will give them a generous reception, as from one of their Programms now before us we can promise them a rich treat.

☞ As was to have been expected from the character of the man, immediately upon the receipt of his nomination by the Baltimore Convention, Gen. Cass resigned his seat in the Senate. Wonder whether Gens. Taylor or Scott will resign their commissions, should either of them receive the nomination of the Whig convention. Two to one they will not do it.

Names are Nothing.—Daniel O'Connell was arrested in New York, last Thursday, for making love to a half-eagle in somebody else's pocket. Oh Daniel!

☞ Pennsylvania will speak in a tone of entire unanimity in favor of the nominees, as soon as the intelligence is diffused among her people, and will redeem the pledge made by her delegation at Baltimore, by giving thirty-thousand Democratic majority in November next.

The Treaty Ratified.—News was received by Telegraph on Saturday morning, that the Mexican Congress had ratified the treaty with this country without amendment. We have no farther particulars, but presume there is no doubt of the fact.

☞ The Buffalo *Republic*, a kind of barnburner-whig-abolition paper, says the nomination of Gen. Cass fell upon the Democracy of New York like a wet blanket.—We are glad to hear it—a wet blanket, according to the hydropathic practice, will sweat all the disease out of the patient's system, and we know of no more diseased body than the "barnburners."

☞ A Yankee has invented a machine by which culprits can be hung by steam, and the sheriff may be saved the trouble of meddling with the business. He half hung himself to see how it would operate, and declares that it "works beautiful."

Facts for Moral Reformers.—The New York Globe says in this country one man dies worth twenty millions, and while he has been making it, twenty thousand women have perished in infamy, to escape starvation at their needles. What a precious state of society this reveals; and it is not confined alone to New York city. It extends to every village and town in the country. Even in our fair city, where the stranger on a day like yesterday, when beauty and fashion arrayed in all its loveliness, is seen congregating at our church doors, would imagine that all was pure and good, and that want and wretchedness were strangers, we see in our daily walks scenes of sorrow and distress. How little the wealthy—those that have plenty—know of the pinching, knawing grasp of poverty upon the soul. How it dries up the generous feelings of our nature, and in time, forces back to its cell every thought of fraternal regard for our brother man.—The drunkard [illegible] debauchee is considered by the mass as the worst specimen of depraved nature that we encounter in our streets. He is clothed in *rags*, and is therefore despised. Clothe him in *fine linen*, and his crimes become only the *ebullition of an unusual flow of animal spirits*. His blood-shot eyes and bloated face, the trembling of his nerves, are unnoticed, or if at all, with pity and sympathy. Verily a fine coat makes a vast difference in the eyes of community. Here again is a man who has purloined a few hundreds from his employer's shelve—he has followed the example of bigger rogues, and attempted to get rich without labor. He is arrested, and will ere long take up his abode within the walls of a penitentiary. There is no pity, no sympathy for him, and of right should not be. He has transgressed the laws, and must take the consequences. Turn we to the banker—he has defrauded community of thousands—his promises to pay are in every man's pocket. At one grasp he has taken the labor of years of hundreds, because they put their faith in Banks. It is not a few yards of tape or bobbin that he has taken, consequently he is a great financier—has displayed great business capacities—and is worthy of the entire confidence of Minister and Layman, saint and sinner! No gloomy cell awaits him—no clanking chains, or iron hand-cuffs toll doleful music to his ears. On the contrary, soft and sweet the rich notes of the piano float upon the evening air at his request, while ready pen and tongue are engaged in his defence. Surely, surely, is not here work for moral reformers—for "*missionaries?*"

"Aid and Comfort."—The whigs derive no little "aid and comfort" from the course of the "barn burners" in New York. With them now, John Van Buren is a nice young man—a proper fine gentleman—the pink of political honesty and consistency. But how long is it since they were ridiculing this same John—calling him "Prince John"—leveling all their shafts of malice against him and his father? The ink has hardly dried since we were told he had gone to England as "special ambassador from his father's court," or to "espouse Queen Victoria."—Now, however, like the Anaconda before swallowing its prey, they are covering him with praise, in order to gulp him down at one swallow. Verily, they will get a sweet morsel—a most palitable repast. Let us see—there is *Free Trade;* how that would coalesce with their *protective* notions. There is his hard money notions: how cozily that would lay side by side with their's on the "necessity of a paper currency," especially such as furnished by a United States Bank. Then John is a ramping ranting Independent Treasury man, which, of course, would sweeten up the morsel to their taste exactly. But seriously, whigery is welcome to all the "aid and comfort," they can extract from the course of the New York factionists. They cannot defeat Gen. Cass in that State, and if they do, her vote will not be required to elect him.—The Democracy have made arrangements to do without her this time.

Coroner's Inquest.—The Coroner was called upon to hold an inquest, this morning, upon a man who was found drowned in the bay, near the dock. The evidence before the Coroner's jury was, that he had landed from the Steamboat Bunker Hill, about 12 o'clock and stopped at Knoblo's, and after talking about an hour, concluded to go to bed, but previously walked out. Soon after he went out a splash was heard, and search was immediately made for him. His hat was found floating on the water, but no traces of the body could be found until this morning. He was a stout, robust-looking man, about 30 years of age; and two Germans who were acquainted with him in Europe, testified that his name was Kalo Schmidt, late a soldier in the Hessian army, whose time had expired, and that he had left Germany to avoid being again impressed in the service, and thus found a watery grave, far from kindred and home. On his person was found a silver watch and guard, and fob chain, several papers of no importance, and $8 93 in silver coin. His chest was large, and well-filled with very good clothing, a double-barrelled gun, etc. Verdict of the inquest:—Death from accidental drowning.

Is it not strange that when occurrences of this kind are so frequent, that no measures are taken to prevent them. Within a year there has been at least six or seven persons drowned in the same way—two of them in the same spot—and yet this man trap remains set for more victims. A few pounds of nails and a thousand feet of boards would have saved this loss of life. Will our "city fathers" think of this.

More Bank Financiering.—We learn from the Cleveland Herald that the Bank of Akron has been robbed by F. J. Hamilton, its Assistant Cashier. On the 13th of May, Hamilton left Akron for the purpose of escorting his wife from Cleveland as far as Fairport, on her way East. He was to return to Akron immediately. Some days after he wrote from this city that the boat would not land him at Fairport, and he had been detained here by illness. Since then the Bank has got no trace of the Assistant Cashier, and an examination of the coin in the vaults shows that $4,300 in gold had been abstracted.—The Bank will suffer no loss by the villainy of Hamilton, as his bail for $10,000 is perfectly good. Some $300, has been cancelled, and the balance stolen soon will be.

Gen. Cass's Letter.—We call attention to the letter of Gen. Cass in to-days paper, accepting the nomination for the Presidency. It is written in his usual able and eloquent style, and commands the admiration of all.

Parental Bragging.—The Editor of the Fredonia Censor has been boasting every week for two months, about the quantity of butter and milk obtained from Cows in that vicinity. We don't doubt a word he says as to quantity, but we do dislike to see so much *parental bragging*.

☞ The New York *Sunday Times* says: That portion of the correspondence between Marcy and Scott which treats of the greenness and ripeness of the various generals of the army, is one of the richest things out. Scott is a ripe general, but as a politician and controversialist he is greener than his own laurels and that is saying a good deal.

☞ The Editor of the Meadville *Journal* thinks our suggestion that he must have been reading "Spoony Ogle's speech" instead of the History of the United States, when he asserted that Gen. Cass's name was not identified with the history of the country, is the lost "joke" advertised by "John Dankey." Our cotemporary is mistaken, although there is certainly a *family* resemblance between the two. "John's" was a very *stupid* "joke," and ours was a "joke" on a very stupid *individual*.

☞ Lest any of our readers should not have discovered that the weather was decidedly winterish yesterday morning, we will just mention that the themometer got up so high it has'nt got down yet.

Large Fire.—The splendid new Odd Fellows Hall, at Allentown, Lehigh county Pennsylvania, was destroyed by fire on the first inst., with some eighty buildings, located in the handsomest portion of the town. The total destruction of property will exceed, it is said, in amount $250,000.

☞ The Whig Convention meets in Philadelphia to-day. We shall probably learn to-morrow who we are to have the pleasure of defeating this time. We prophecy it will be "old Harry"—at least we'll bet on him against the world, and "old Zack" to boot.

☞ Ten years ago the trade between New York and Texas was confined to a single schooner; now there is a line of ships constantly employed.

For the Erie Observer.

Messrs. Editors:—My attention has been called to some queries in the Observer of 3d inst., over the signature of "Observer" in relation to the affairs of the Erie Bank. For the satisfaction of "Observer" on the subject of the 4th 5th and 6th enquiries, I would inform him that Mr. Reed is not a partner of Messrs. Hill & Curry in the Exchange Business at Pittsburgh; and further, Mr. Curry when here made no exchange with this institution for its bills. Neither did he receive any moneys from the Bank or Mr. Reed, for the purpose of purchasing the notes of the Institution. As to Messrs. Geo. Williams & Co. when the Bank suspended, he had on hand $1895 of its bills, which amount he had taken at *par* per request of the Bank, and on the personal guarantee of Mr. Reed. On the 11th ult. Mr. Geo. Williams was here with the Erie Bills he had redeemed as above, for which he was paid as follows: $980, funds of the Bank, which he had in his possession when the Bank suspended the balance $915. Mr. Reed Gave his individual paper; and in answer to 6th inquery I would inform "Observer" that no Brokers or other individuals are acting as agents of the Bank in purchasing its notes; and I am satisfied that Mr. Reed has no such intention of discrediting the paper, but is daily making arrangements for its redemption, as can be attested by numerous individuals to whom I can refer "Observer" if he will call on me. Mr. Read is not at home at present, but when he returns I have no doubt the first, second and third inquires of "Observer" will receive his attention.

C. M'SPARREN, Cashier of Erie Bank.

Erie Bank, June 7th, 1848.

☞ At Rochester, New York, on Thursday, a man was taken from the canal who was thought to be drowned. The coroner was sent for, who proceeded to call a jury and ascertain the facts in this case; but before the inquest was fairly commenced, the person supposed to be deceased arose upon his feet and walked awny. A grave question arise in this case; whether the coroner is entitled to his fee.

☞ The whig press appears to think the Democratic Convention, should have regarded their preferences in selecting a candidate. The preferred any other man than Gen. Cass, and are quite angry because the Convention did not suit them better. They fear the popularity of the ticket, and have grown desperate. Poor souls, we could have elected any man brought forward in the convention but Cass' name has made their chance "beautifully less."

Who will Surrender?—The trait of character which excites most admiration in the minds of General Taylor's friends is, that he never surrenders. He says: "It has not been my intention, at any moment to change my position, or to withdraw my name from the canvass, whosoever may be the nominee of the national convention, either of the Whig or Democratic party." Will the universal Whig party knock under to old "Rough," or will he show the white flag? If the mountain will not come to Mohomet, will Mohomet go to the mountain?—To-day or to-morrow tells the story which.

☞ A Shark was lately caught at Nuhant, the stomach of which contained, among other things, a pair of boots, two horse shoes, and a fourth of July oration—the latter, *as undigested as it was, the day it came from its author.*

Very Important.—We are under the painful necessity of announcing to our readers that the prospect of Gen. Cass's election has been "knocked into a cocked hat," by the Gazette of yesterday morning. The destructive missile used in accomplishing this, is a *purported* extract from "Niles Register," which asserts that in 1799 or 1800, he wore a "black cockade in his hat." Inasmuch as Gen. Cass was born in 1782, which at 1799 or 1800, would make him 17 or 18 years of age, this fact must have an important bearing on his political prospects, and totally obliterate his claim to be considered a Democrat—The fact that he has enjoyed the confidence of every *Democratic* administration, from *Jefferson's* down to the present day, don't weigh a straw against *such* evidence. The *fact* that he has advocated the *principles* and *measures* of the Democratic party for *over forty* years—almost half a century—is nothing in comparison to the *assertion* that, while a *boy*, he wore a "black cockade in his hat." By the same course of reasoning used by those who make this change, we arrive at the conclusion that because they wore aprons and frocks before they became large enough for breeches, they are now fed *pap with a spoon*. Whiggery had better try again.

☞ The Editor of the *Gazette* says our charge of *hypocracy* does not affect him. We did'nt expect it would—we've seen *puppies* before *him* that would stand a *kick* without whining.

☞ Our whig friends are excusable, in a great measure, for their abuse of Gen. Cass. They feel that they are a "used up community," and it is quite natural that they should take it hard. They feel as we felt in 1840, and as they themselves felt in 1844, "only a little more so."

An Unkind Shot.—Some of the whig papers occasionally make a remark, which evinces the real estimation in which they hold the renegades in New York who are endeavoring to betray the party to which they owe every thing, because they are not allowed to have every thing their own way. While they love the treason, they despise the traitor. For instance, here is a remark from the Providence Journal:

"We have already said that we have very little confidence in the honesty of the Barnburners, but we have full faith in their malice. They care very little for free soil, but they hate the Hunkers with a hatred in which there is no hypocrisy. It is this which gives us hope that they will remain true to each other, and hold fast their opposition to the Baltimore nominees."

Preposterous.—The story circulated by the whig papers that Martin Van Buren has *declared* his determination not to support the Baltimore nominees, is *preposterous*—absurd—a ridiculous invention of the enemy.—Whatever Mr. Van Buron may *feel*, he is too crafty a politician to *express* his feelings, and thus give "aid and comfort" to the enemy. Besides we will not thing so meanly of human nature as to believe for one moment that a man who has received the support of the Democratic party for every office, from a member of the State Legislature to the Presidency—for whose sake they suffered the overwhelming defeat of 1840—will now return such confidence with the rankest ingratitude, and throw his influence and name against the party and its principles. The story bears the marks of falsehood on its face, and will be believed by none.

☞ The "Union Magazine" for June is on our table, fresh and blooming as that luxuriant month of flowers and fruits. Mrs. Kirkland, the editor, is a very industrious and spirited writer, and has made this one of the favorite monthlies of the day. Besides the embellishments, which are as usual very superior, this number is filled with the best reading, by the most distinguished writers.

Gen. Commander Beat.—The whigs have made a great handle of the course of the Democratic Convention in allowing Mr. Commander, a delegate from South Carolina, to cast the whole vote of that State himself, he being the only delegate present from that State. We rather think now they will hold their tongues. They have beat Gen. Commander and his nine votes, in the case of Texas, without half trying. It appears that a "baker's dozen" of whigs in Galveston, Texas, held a meeting recently and appointed *thirteen* delegates to the convention at Philadelphia. None of them however thought it worth while to come, but the delegates from Louisiana said the Texas delegates instructed them to vote for Texas, and they claimed the privilege of doing so. After being duly discussed, the *slave* power triumphed, and Louisiana was allowed to cast her own vote, and those of Texas into the bargain.

Moral—Whig Politicians should not vociferate until they are beyond the precincts of the *cotton wood*.

☞ Mr. Corwin announces, in a letter, that he is no longer before the Whig party as a candidate for the Presidency.

This announcement will be received in Mexico with the most profound regret, and we think will be calculated to hasten a treaty of peace.

THE VOICE OF THE PRESS.

While the response of the Democratic press to the nominations of Cass and Butler has been cheerful, enthusiastic, and the utmost confidence of their success expressed, the great mass of the *neutral*, and occasionally a whig press, have spoken in terms of unqualified praise. We always take it for granted that when the latter press speak thus of a nomination it is good evidence that it is popular with the masses. And when whigs are forced to speak well of Democratic candidates, it is undoubted proof that they are personally unexceptionable—that their only ground of opposition is the principles they advocate. We may therefore be pardoned for occupying a small space this morning in recording the *opinions* of such papers. We have already quoted the National *Intelligencer* says in regard to Gen. Cass, and we cannot do better than follow it by the following from the N. Y. *Courier and Enquirer*:

"In all the relations of private life Gen. Cass has been known to the writer for nearly thirty years; and a more estimable father and husband, or a more honorable and conscientious gentleman we are not acquainted with.—Of his talents there can be no question; and were he a Whig in principle, the election of no man to the Presidency would give us more pleasure."

From the Philadelphia Buletin, (Neutral.)

Gen. Cass rose to notice during the war of 1812.—Among the first to offer his services to the republic, he was present with Hull during the latter's unfortunate campaign. Cass, however, earned glory, where Hull reaped only disgrace. The conduct of the former indeed was in noble contrast to that of the latter; and had Hull listened to the counsel of Cass, victory instead of defeat would have been our portion at Detroit. Cass was one of the commanders in the gallant affair at the river Canard, where the British were defeated. On this occasion if Cass had been sustained by Hull, Malden would have fallen, and the subsequent disasters of the campaign been averted. We believe that Cass was one of the little band of patriotic officers, who alarmed by the apparent treachery or cowardice of Hull, wrote to the Governor of Kentucky, warning him of the unfitness of the general. It is well known that the succors, thus raised, came too late, as Hull had ignominiously surrendered at Detroit before their arrival. This terrible disaster produced hull of the subsequent defeats of the war. That Cass should have retained his escutcheon clear, and even won a reputation for courage, under a superior like Hull, proves him a brave man, and obtained for him immediately the confidence of his countrymen.

Cass subsequently served as Harrison's aid, in the glorious campaign of the Thames. In consequence of this, Cass stood foremost in popularity next after the General himself, unless, perhaps, we except Col. Johnson. Nor has the estimation in which he was held by the population of the West materially decreased. Old men still live who remember his conduct in the war, and who associate his name with that of the lamented Harrison. Throughout Ohio and Michigan especially, his military reputation of Cass stands high. Hence he is a strong man, a *very* strong man for that section of the country. His friends are sanguine that he can carry the State of Ohio; and if he can do this, he can do what no other Democratic candidate, perhaps, can. No nomination could have been chosen more acceptable to the North-west.

From the N. Y. Mirror, a Taylor print:

Cass and Butler.—The response of the Democratic press to the Baltimore nomination, is every where candid and confident, except among the barnburners of New York. The Union is in extacies at the result, and on the whole, we are inclined to think it is the very best nomination that the party could have made.

We repeat it, the Democrats have adopted a strong ticket, and one that will be hard to beat. In the war with England, Cass distinguished himself as a brave soldier, then he held the office of Governor of Michigan for eighteen years: he was a leading member of Jackson's cabinet, until sent abroad as minister to France, where he became so popular that even the whigs talked of nominating him for the Presidency; and since his return he has held a promfient position in the Senate, and is now Chairman of the most important committee of that body, and the confidential friend and adviser of the President.

Of General Butler, we know nothing that can be said against him. He is a brave soldier, an eminent scholar, a fine poet, and a most accomplished gentleman. He belongs to a family that belongs to our history. "Boone and his five sons," was a favorite toast with Washington and Gen. W. O. Butler is one of them. The Butler's have fought on every field from Bunker Hill to Monterey and there is a tower of strength in the very name.

From the Philadelphia Ledger, (Neutral.)

Gen. Cass has talents of a high order as a public man. He has filled some of the most important offices under the General Government, and in several of the States and Territories. His long experience in public affairs gives him the practical knowledge and wisdom that make the intelligent statesman. His able diplomatic course while Minister in France in respect to the Quintuple Treaty and the manliness and ability with which he sustained the interests and dignity of this country, gained him great credit both at home and abroad. In the United States Senate his abilities have always given him a commanding position.

From the Journal of Commerce, (Taylor.)

Gen. Cass was the undoubted choice of the Convention. No one can say that he got the nomination in any doubtful sort of manner. He is, perhaps, as respectable a man as any who could have got the nomination. He is, and has always been, a national man—there is nothing of a local cast in his views; and his social and moral character are unexceptionable. He is the representative of the Polk administration, in regard to our foreign policy, &c.

From the Baltimore Sun, (Neutral.)

In the choice of Gen. Cass, the Convention have no doubt acted wisely and well. From our point of observation, we are inclined to think that he will be generally acceptable throughout the Union. Wherever he is personally known, Gen. Cass never fails to have a host of friends. His affability, his native kindness of heart, his frank and manly bearing, invest his character with traits irresistibly attractive; while his public services, military and civil, many of which have been of great importance and responsibility, and elicited eminent qualifications of statesmanship, are calculated to secure the

LETTER FROM GEN. CASS.

The following is the reply of Gen. Cass to the Committee appointed by the National Convention to announce to him his nomination. It is every way characteristic of the man, and worthy of the candidate of the Democratic party of the Union. On the great platform of the time-honored principles of the party, does he plant himself, without a qualification or a proviso, and in so doing does he present to the people of the United States, the surest guaranty of his devotion to their best and most enduring interests:

WASHINGTON, May 30, 1848.

GENTLEMEN—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th inst., announcing to me that I have been nominated by the convention of the democratic party its candidate for the office of President of the United States, at the approaching election.

While I accept, with deep gratitude, this distinguished honor—and distinguished indeed, it is—I do so with a fearful apprehension of the responsibility it may eventually bring with it, and with a profound conviction that it is the kind confidence of my fellow-citizens, far more than any merit of my own, which has placed me thus prominently before the American people. And fortunate shall I be, if this confidence should find, in the events of the future, a better justification than is furnished by those of the past.

I have carefully read the resolutions of the Democratic National Convention, laying down the platform of our political faith, and I adhere to them as firmly as I approve them cordially. And while thus adhering to them, I shall do so with a sacred regard to the "principles and compromises of the constitution," and with an earnest desire for their maintenance "in a spirit of moderation and brotherly love, so vitally essential to the perpetuity of the Union, and the prosperity and happiness of our common country"—a feeling which has made us what we are, and which in humble reliance upon Providence, we may hope is but the beginning of what we are to be. If called upon hereafter to render an account of my stewardship, in the great trust you desire to commit to me, should I be able to show that I have truly redeemed the pledge thus publicly given, and had adhered to the principles of the Democratic party with as much fidelity and success as have generally marked the administration of the eminent men to whom the party has hitherto confided the chief executive authority of the government, I could prefer no higher claim to the favorable consideration of the country, nor to the impartial commendation of history.

This letter, gentlemen, closes my profession of political faith. Receiving my first appointment from that pure patriot and great expounder of American democracy, Mr. Jefferson, more than forty years ago, the intervening period of my life has been almost wholly passed in the service of my country, and has been marked by many vicissitudes, and attended with many trying circumstances, both in peace and war. If my conduct in these situations, and the opinions I have been called upon to form and express from time to time, in relation to all the party topics of the day, do not furnish a clear exposition of my views respecting them, and at the same time a sufficient pledge of my faithful adherence to their practical application, whenever and wherever I may be required to act, anything further I might now say, would be but a delusion, unworthy of myself, and justly offensive to the great party you are now acting for.

My immediate predecessor in the nomination, by the democratic party, who has since established so many claims to the regard and confidence of his country, when announcing, four years ago, his acceptance of a similar honor, announced also his determination not to be a candidate for reselection. Coinciding with him in his views, so well expressed and so faithfully carried out, I beg leave to say, that no circumstances can possibly arise, which could induce me again to permit my name to be brought forward in connexion with the chief magistracy of our country. My inclination and my sense of duty dictate this course.

No party, gentlemen, had ever higher motives for exertion, than has the great democratic party of the United States. With an abiding confidence in the rectitude of its principles, with an unshaken reliance upon the energy of public opinion, and with the success which has crowned the administration of the government, as continued to its keeping, (and it has been so continued during more than three-fourths of its existence,) what has been done is at once their reward of exertion, and the motive for future, and, at the same time, a generous prize for the accomplishment of what we desire to do. We cannot conceal from ourselves that there is a powerful party in the country, differing from us in regard to many of the fundamental principles of our government, and opposed to us in their practical application, which will strive as zealously as we shall, to secure the ascendancy to their principles, by securing the election of their candidate in the coming contest. That party is composed of our fellow citizens, as deeply interested in the prosperity of our common country as we can be, and acting as earnestly as we are to promote and perpetuate it. We shall soon present to the world the sublime spectacle of the election of a Chief Magistrate by twenty millions of people, without a single serious resistance to the law, or the sacrifice of the life of one human being—and this, too, in the absence of all force but the moral force of our institutions; and if we should add to all this, an example of mutual respect for the motives of the contending parties, so that the contest might be carried on with all firmness and energy which accompany deep conviction, and with as little personal asperity as political passions permit, we should do more for the great cause of human freedom throughout the world, than by any other tribute we could render to its value.

We have a government founded by the will of all, responsible to the power of all, administered for the good of all. The very first article in the democratic creed teaches that the people are competent to govern themselves: it is, indeed rather an axiom than an article of political faith. From the days of General Hamilton to our days, the party opposed to us—of whose principles he was the great exponent, if not the founder—while it has changed its name, has preserved essentially its identity of character; and the doubt he entertained and taught of the capacity of man for self-government, has exerted a marked influence upon its actions and opinions. Here is the very starting point of the difference between the two great parties which divide our country. All other differences are but subordinate and auxiliary to this, and may, in fact, be resolved into it. Looking with doubt upon the issue of self-government, one party is prone to think the public authority should be strengthened, and to fear any change, least that change might weaken the necessary force of the government; while the other, strong in its convictions of the intelligence and virtue of the people, believes that original power is safer than delegated, and that the solution of the great problem of good government, consists in governing with the least force, and leaving individual action as free from restraint as is compatible with the preservation of the social system, thereby securing to each all the freedom which is not essential to the well-being of the whole.

As a party, we ought not to mistake the signs of the times; but should bear in mind, that this is an age of progress—of advancement in all the elements of intellectual power, and in the opinions of the world. The general government should assume no powers. It should exercise none which have not been clearly granted by the parties to the federal compact. We ought to construe the constitution strictly, according to the received and sound principles of the Jefferson school. But while rash experiments should be deprecated, if the government is stationary in its principles of action, and refuses to accommodate its measures, within its constitutional sphere—cautiously indeed, but wisely and gheerfully—to the advancing sentiments and necessities of the age, it will lend its moral force impaired, and the public will determine to do what the public authority itself should readily do when the indications of popular sentiment are clear and clearly expressed.

With great respect, gentlemen, I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

LEWIS CASS.

Hon. A. Stevenson,
President of the Democracit Convention, and the Vice Presidents of the same.

A FACT.—Somebody will be the whig candidate for President, but as yet it is beyond the keen of human reason to tell who. Our opponents are in a state of glorious uncertainty.

☞In New York, on Friday last, four men who were drunk they could scarcely stand, were seen bearing a box, containing a corpse of a full grown person, followed by two women as mourners, and a boy carrying a pail. These seven persons composed the entire funeral train.

BORDER DIFFICULTIES—INDIAN MURDERS.—The Western Texas) Argus gives the following particulars of the murder of three Americans by the Indians in the vicinity of Port Washita:

Information has reached us from an authentic source, says the Argus, of a shocking murder committed in the early part of last week in Dallas county. A party of three surveyors had been at work on the west of the Trinity, and wishing to remove their camp, sent off for a wagon to assist them. On the return of the man who had been sent for the wagon, he found two of the surveyors dead at the camp. Their bodies were much mutilated—one was scalped, and the heart of the other taken entirely out of the body! What weapons were used by the death blow, we cannot ascertain. It is, however, supposed to be the work of Indians, a small body of whom, was known to be lurking in that neighborhood: Since writing the above we have been informed that the body of the third surveyor has been found murdered undoubtedly by the same party—his name is Phelps. The names of the other two we have not been able to ascertain.

☞Don Nicholas P. Trist, late a clerk in the State Department, as Gen. Scott has it, was in Buffalo on Saturday on his way to Washington.

By Magnetic Telegraph.

Dispatches for the Tri-Weekly Observer.

NEW YORK, June 8—7 A. M.

The convention organized yesterday at 11—John A. Collier, of New York, being appointed president pro tem., and James Harlan, of Kentucky, Secretary. The roll having been called, a committee was appointed to designate officers. They reported Ex-governor MOORHEAD, of Kentucky, for President, with a vice president from each State and several secretaries.

NEW YORK, June 8—10 P. M.

When the doors were opened, after the secret session, the debate was going on asking whig pledges from candidates; the chair decided the motion out of order, and was sustained. The main question on resolution to vote *viva voice*, and individually, until a majority should be obtained, was carried.

First Ballot.		*Second Ballot.*	
Taylor,	111	Taylor,	118
Clay,	97	Clay,	88
Scott,	46	Scott,	49
Webster,	21	Webster,	21
McLean,	2	Clayton,	4

The convention then adjourned till morning.

Whole number of ballots 283—necessary to a choice 142.

LATER.—The operator in Buffalo reports that Gen. Taylor was nominated this morning on the 4th Ballot, by a majority of TWO! A close shave! Also, that from a private communication received at Buffalo, it is pretty certain that Millaird Fillmore of New York, has received the nomination for Vice President.

NEW YORK, June 9—8 A. M.

Gen. Cass arrived in town between 4 and 5 o'clock yesterday morning. He was escorted through the streets.

A letter has been received at Washington from an officer in the Custom House at Vera Cruz, dated May 23d. It stated that the treaty had been certainly ratified, and that the troops have commenced their homeward march.

BUFFALO, June 9—2 P. M.

MARKET.—The receipts for the past few days have been limited, and the market has been pretty well swept of most articles of trade. There was a good inquiry for wheat and flour yesterday, but for the reason stated above the sales were not large. In wheat there were sales of Chicago at 91c. Southport at 98c, and Ohio to arrive, now on the way, at $1 00.

In Flour we quote sale of Arcade choice Ohio at $5 12½, also some Ohio equally as good, at same, and some few brands Michigan at $5. There is but little Corn offering and holders are waiting for better rates, but we notice one sale at 41 cts.

Canal freights are 52cts on flour, and 1½ on corn, to Albany.

NEW YORK, June 8—7, P. M.

There was a good deal of activity, with a general improvement in the prices. In the morning some sales of Oswego flour were made at $5 50 a 5 56½, but afterwards $5 72½a5 79 was obtained. Sales Michigan —5-65½a5 88½, Ohio $5 75a5 87½, Genesee $5 62½a6. Market closed very firmly with nothing good to be had below $5 75.

Rye flour at $3 62½, and is held at $2 56a2 62½ for Jersey; $2 75 for Brandywine, with sales.

There is a good inquiry for wheat. Holders ask rather higher rates generally. Genesee $1 10; Ohio $1 10; Illinois $1 06; Wisconsin $1 05a1 10.

Corn is rather firm with good demand. Sales white and yellow northern, at 56c; western 54c, and prime northern yellow at 60c, and Jersey 58a60c; western mixed at 50a53.

Rye is firm with sales at 70c; barley at 70; barley malt at 87½. Oats dull—northern are selling at 42a44.

BUFFALO, June 7—8 A. M.

MARKET.—There was a good demand for flour, wheat and corn yesterday and the market was pretty well swept of most of these articles. In wheat we heard of sales of some 30,000 bush. at $1,04a1,05 for Ohio, $1 for Milwaukie, 92½c for Racine and Southport, 90c for Chicago, and 75c for Michigan city. The sales of flour in the morning were at $4 75 for mixed western, and $4 81a4 87½ for straight brands, but in the afternoon straight brands sold at $4,94. Holders of corn were firm at 40c, and there was a sale of 500 bush. afloat at 49, and some in store at the same. Oats were in good demand, and some 8000 bush sold in three lots at 35c.

Canal freights are a little firmer, 55c being paid on flour to Albany.

The whig presidential Convention assembles at Philadelphia to-day. It is believed that every State in the Union will be *represented*.

INQUEST.—The coroner held an inquest yesterday on the body of John M'Lane, a seaman, lately employed on board the brig Pilgrim, the same person who I noticed in yesterday's report. It appeared in evidence that he was intoxicated last Thursday afternoon, and in attempting to go aboard that night he probably fell into the creek, and was drowned. The jury rendered a verdict that he came to his death by accidental drowning.

The steamer Superior came in yesterday from Chicago with the largest load of passengers that has been brought to this port this season. Capt. Wilkinson says he had 800.

The Propeller Oneida, Capt. Sprague, on her last trip from Chicago made the run, from Grand River to this port in less than 15 hours, being the quickest trip yet made

NEW YORK, June 6—7 P. M.

There is an immence meeting of the Barn Burners in the Park. Mark Spencer of New York is President.—Mr. Camberling made a speech in which he defended the course of the delegates to the National Convention, and he was followed by John Van Buren denouncing the course of the late Democratic National Convention, in no mild terms. Benj. F. Butler and several are expected to follow him. The number is estimated at from 8000 to 12000.

NEW YORK MARKET.—The demand for Flour in the trade and the east being good for the tendency has been upward, and rather better prices have been obtained. At the close there was not much to be had in good order below $5 50; Fair Oswego sold at this figure, and Michigan at $5 50a5 62½; Straight Genesee at $5 50a6 87½; Fancy $5 87½a6 25.

Meal not plenty, and mostly above $2 50; Brandywine is held at $2 75; Sales of Rye Flour $3 02½.

The demand for Wheat was fair for milling, better qualities are scarce, and are still held high; for a prime sample of Genesee, $1 25 was offered. Sales Ohio at $1 03; Wisconsin $1 12, and Canadian at $1 15 in bond.

Corn duller to-day, and difficult to obtain. Sales Jersey at 58a59 and mixed Western 50a52; Southern flat yellow 57a58 nominally.

Rye 68a70. Oats 45a46½ and dull.

HAZLITT'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.—Do not begin to quarrel with the world too soon: for bad as it may be, it is the best we have to live in here. If railing would have made it better, it would have been reformed long ago; but as this is not to be hoped for at present the best way to slide through it is as contentedly and innocently as we may. The worst fault it has is *want of charity;* and calling knave or fool at every turn will not cure this failing. Consider as a matter of vanity, that if there were not so many knaves and fools as we find, the wise and honest would not be those rare and shining characters that they are allowed to be: and, as a matter of philosophy, that if the world be really incorrigible in this respect, it is a reflection to make one sad, and not angry. We may laugh or weep at the madness of mankind, we have no right to vilify them for our own sake or theirs. Misanthropy is not the disgust of the mind at human nature, but with itself; for it is laying its own exaggerated vices as foul blots at the door of others! Do not, however, mistake what I have here said. I would not have you, when you grow up, adopt the low and sordid fashion of palliating existing abuses, of putting the best face upon the worst things. I only mean that indiscriminate unqualified satire can do little good; and those who indulge in the most revolting speculations of human nature, do not themselves always set the fairest examples, or strive to prevent its lower degradation.

☞Col. Childs, the defender of Puebla, has been brevetted a Brigadier General, for gallant conduct.

Commercial Record.

OFFICE OF THE ERIE OBSERVER }
Friday, P. M, June 9. }

The weather for the past week has been peculiarly favorable to the wheat crop. In the fore part of the week we heard of slight frosts in the back townships, but believe no damage has resulted therefrom. The fruit crop promises to be abundant, and the season seems propitious for an abundance of every thing.

We learn with pleasure that the odious combination has again broke up from the weight of its own iniquity. We trust it will be a long while before the public will again be outraged by another conspiracy of this character. Should it not be patched up again *Reed* will be compelled to receive his money for freight and passage, which will have the effect of placing the notes of the Bank on a better footing, and thus enable holders to realize something near their face. Heretofore he has skulked behind the combination, and to enable him to continue thus sheltered, he has been using every means in his power to keep it from breaking up. We trust his efforts this time will approve abortive.

The daily line of packets recently established between this and Beaver, we are gratified to see, are doing an excellent business.

Coal still continues to accumulate upon our docks. It is estimated that there is at least 6300 tons already there, and more arriving every day. The coal trade has more than doubled over that of last year.

Wool comes in freely, with prices ranging from 18 to 23 cents. Flour $5 5.; Wheat $1 12; Corn 30 cents; Oats 28; Barley 40. Shingles 1 75@$2. Salt 1 25@$1 37½.

☞The following we offer from a high respectable and wealthy gentlemen of Salem, Mass. one of her ablest and first merchants, a man whose statements were never questioned.

To the Agent of Vaughan's Vegatable Lithintropic Mixture. SIR:—I have for many years been afflicted with the gravel, which has at times caused me very severe suffering, and the usual means have been resorted to, without giving me other than temporary relief.—In February of the present year I commenced the use of the Lithintropic, and I feel happy and grateful in saying that its use was productive of almost immediate relief. I have taken three bottles and my present freedom from the complaint is solely due to this valuable medicine, and I thinking myself in a fair way of being permanently cured, if not already so.

Salem, June 13, 1846. JOEL BOUKER."

That is the Great American Remedy, the advertisement is in our columns, call on Agent, get a book, this medicine takes hold of all diseases of the urinary organs, and in fact it takes hold of all diseases of *any kind*, and cures, with wonderful success.

☞**To the Ladies.**—The most pleasant and effectual ANTI-BILLIOUS and Spring medicine is *Dr. G. Benjamin Smith's* Sugar Coated Indian Pills. This matchless remedy is recommended by the Matron of the Naval Hospital, N. Y. and thousands of Families. No pills have given so general satisfaction.

☞Be sure and get the *Genuine* with my name written with a pen on the bottom of the box, G. BENJ. SMITH.

Carter & Brother and Burton & Perkins are Agents, and sold in every town in the country. 1m30

DIED.

At his residence in North East township, on the 1st inst., Mr. JOHN TABOR, aged about sixty years. He was highly esteemed as an honorable, just and honest man, and his death deeply regretted by a respectable family and numerous friends.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

THE Lake Erie Association of Universalists will meet by appointment, in this place on Wednesday the 28th inst., and continue in session the following day. A general attendance is invited and expected. June 9, 1848.

North East Woolen Factory.

7000 YARDS of Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Satinetts, Blankets, Flannels, are now ready to be exchanged for wool at the following rates: For plain full cloth, one yard for 2½ lbs. of wool; Cassimeres 2½ lbs., to the yard. We will also manufacture during the season, Black, Brown, Steel-mixed cloth at 28 cts. per yard, Cassimeres of the same colors at 30 cts. and white flannel at 18 and 23 cts. per yard.

North East, June 10, 1848. STEVENS & JOWETT.

STRAYED.

FROM the premises of the subscriber, in the borough of Erie, on Monday the 5th inst., a very light red Cow with a considerable white about the loins, flank &c., also a star of white in her forehead, horns wide spread, giving her a wild appearance, long and entirely red tail. Any person returning said Cow or giving information where she may be found will be liberally rewarded.

Erie, June 1., 1848. G. D. ATKINS.

BLACK, Blue and Brown Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds and Kentucky Jeans, for sale as cheap as the cheapest, at GEORGE SELDEN & SON'S.

June 10, 1848. No. 3, Cheapside.

LADIES' Dress Goods, consisting of Lawns, Balzarines, Linnen and Cotton Ginghams, Calico &c., just opened at No. 3, Cheapside, by GEO. SELDEN & SON.

June 10, 1848. 4

MEN'S Summer Goods, a large assortment for sale cheap by [June 10] GEO. SELDEN & SON.

LEGHORN and Palm Leaf Hats at G. SELDEN & SON'S. [June 10] No. 3, Cheapside.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration on the estate of Peter Hartman, late of Millcreek township, dec'd., having been granted the subscriber, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

June 10, 1848. HENRY GINGRICH, Ad'mr. 6t1

FRESH GROCERIES.

I HAVE just received a large and well selected assortment of Family Groceries, to which I invite the attention of the Public, and which will be sold as cheap as any in Market. Among my stock may be found Coffee, Teas, Chocolate, Sugars, Molasses, Spices of all kinds, Fruits, a great variety; Nuts, Pickles, Tobacco, Snuff, Wooden Ware, etc., etc.

I have and will constantly keep on hand, Flour, Meal, Hams, Pork, Fish, Fresh Butter, Eggs, &c. Give me a call at No. 3, American Block.

JOHN PEFFLER.

Erie, June 10, 1848. 4

NEW GOODS.

THE subscribers are just receiving a very full stock of SPRING and SUMMER GOODS consisting of almost every variety of *Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware* and *Crockery*, all of which have been purchased at unusual low rates and will be sold as low as at any other House in Erie. They invite their old customers, Ladies and Gentlemen, and the Public generally, to call and examine their assortment before purchasing elsewhere.

J. HUGHES & Co.

Erie, June 10, 1848. 4

FAMILY GROCERIES.

JUST received a fresh supply of Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Spices, Pepper, Starch, etc., etc., for sale very low by

June 10, 1848. ALLYN & COIT.

MOLASSES—8 Hhds. Cuba, Sugar House and New Orleans Molasses, to be sold at New York Prices, transportation added. [June 10,] ALLYN & COIT.

SHAWLS and Dress Goods—the choicest lot in the City, at [June 10] ALLYN & COIT'S.

PARASOLS, from one shilling upwards, for sale by [June 10] ALLYN & COIT.

GRASS CLOTHS for skirts and Sun bonnets; red French window Mus-lin, Painted Landscape shades, and other rich New Goods, just received per express and railroad by

June 10, 1848. ALLYN & COIT.

CASH FOR WOOL.

WOOL! WOOL!!—Cash paid for Wool on the corner opposite the Court House, by C. B. WRIGHT.

Erie, June 10, 1848. 4

HOUSE TRIMMINGS—A good assortment of all kinds of Locks, and House Trimmings to be had unusually cheap, of

June 10. C. B. WRIGHT.

STRAY HORSE.

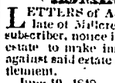
WAS found in the stable of the subscriber at the American Hotel, on the 7th inst., about noon, a small blood bay horse; about 8 years old, with a switch tail, and some scars on the neck, caused by the collar. Said horse had a leather halter on. The owner is requested to come, prove property, pay charges and take it away. M. W. KEITH.

Erie, June 9, 1848. tw3t6

FRENCH, Scotch, and English Ginghams, small plaid, fashionable styles: Printed Lawns: Organdie: French Printed Jaconet Brittiante: Striped Madonna's: Striped and Plaid Linen Ginghams, any quantity or quality, at TIBBALS & DEWEY'S.

June 9, 1848. 4

MEDICAL WORKS.



JUST received from the publishers, Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, a large assortment of Medical Works, which will be sold at the publishers' prices; among which will be found:

Bartlett on Fevers,	Budd on Liver,
Boyle's Materia Medica and Therapeutics,	Churchill on Females,
Churchill's Midwifery,	Cooper on Hernia,
Ashwell on Females,	Jones on the Eye,
Condie on Children,	Dewee on Children,
Dewee's Midwifery,	Dungleson's Practice,
Dungleson's new Remedies,	Miller's Principles,
Liston & Mutter's Surgery,	Phillips on Scrofula,
Miller's Practice,	Taylor's Med. Jurisprudence,
Prout on the Stomach,	Wilson's Dissector,
Wilson on the Skin,	Williams' respiratory organs,
Cyclopedia of Medicine,	Clater, Farrier, &c., &c.
Youatt on the Horse,	

The subscriber is agent for Lea & Blanchard, and will order any Medical, Literary or Miscellaneous works desired, and furnish them here at Publisher's prices. Physicians, students and others are requested to call and examine his catalogue

Erie, June 10, 1848. O. SPAFFORD.

LAW BOOKS.

JUST received from the publishers, T. & J. W. Johnson, Philadelphia, the following Law Books, which will be sold at the Publishers Prices:

Starkie on Evidence,	Russell on Crimes,
Roscoe's Criminal Evidence,	American Leading Cases,
Dunlop's Laws of Pennsylvania,	English Common Law Reports,
Smith's Leading Cases,	Addison on Contracts,
Barr's Penn'a. Reports, vol. 5.	Hilliard on Real Property,
East's Rep., new ed., 8 vol's.	American Military Law,
Wheaton's Elements of international Law, &c.	

The subscriber is agent for T. & J. W. Johnson, Law-Booksellers, Publishers and Importers, Philadelphia, and will furnish any Law Books on short notice, and at the Publishers prices. Call and examine catalogue. O. D. SPAFFORD.

Erie, June 10, 1848. 4

MONEY WANTED.

ALL Persons indebted to the subscriber are hereby informed that necessity compels me to call on those who are owing me to come and adjust their accounts immediately. (Special contracts excepted.) Erie Money taken for Hats, Caps &c.

June 7. R. S. HUNTER.

50 FIRST rate Pork Barrels for sale low at H. COOK.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

JUST received and this day opening at No. 2 American Block, a general assortment of Dry Goods suited to the season, together with Groceries, Crockery and Hardware which will be sold unusually low for cash or ready pay.

M. MAYER.

Erie, June 7th, 1848.

LADIES DRESS GOODS.

CONSISTING of French and Scotch Ginghams Balzorines, Print Cel Lawns and Jenny Lynde Muslin. Also a great variety of Worsted and Linen Net and Ombre Berege Shawls, just received at No 2 American Block State St. M. MAYER.

Erie, June 7th, 1848.

WREATHS Jaconet, Imitation Panama and Chip, men's and boys' hats, at [June 7,] TIBBALS & DEWEY'S.

PANAMA, Leghorn, [June 7,] TIBBALS & DEWEY'S.

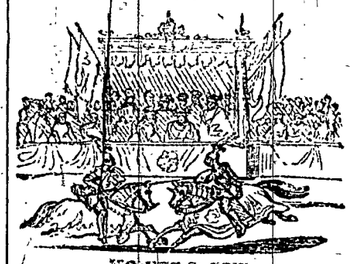
75 BUSHELS potatoes received this day at [June 7,] H. COOK'S.

New Spring and Summer Goods.

WE are now receiving a full assortment of reasonable Goods, which have been purchased within 20 days, and at prices 20 per cent lower than goods purchased in April. This difference we are willing to give to our customers. We can and we will sell goods of any and of all kinds cheaper than our neighbors who purchased early. TIBBALS & DEWEY.

Erie June 5, 1848. 111, Cheapside.

BONNET RIBBONS of the latest styles from 10cts. to 22cts. per yard, at TIBBALS & DEWEY'S.



HOWES & CO'S.

GREAT UNITED STATES CIRCUS.

Embracing by far the Largest Troupe ever organized. Consisting of 240 Men and Horses

and requiring 40 Carriages to convey the Performers, Music, &c. will perform at Erie, on Wednesday, June 28th, and at Girard on the 29th.

This establishment will be distinguished by the magnificence of its Travelling Paraphernalia, and the beauty and extent of the Stud of Horses. The procession will be preceded by two splendid Chariots built with all the gorgeous magnificence of which modern art is capable, and at an expenditure hitherto unequalled. In addition to their Mammoth Company of Equestrians and Animals, the proprietors offer the present season, a series of Novel and Superior Entertainments, surpassing anything ever presented to the American Public.

The first new feature of this popular and extensive company is seven Real BEDOUIN ARABS, or uncivilized sons of the Desert. The names by which the members of this astonishing Troupe are known among themselves, are:

Mustapha—The Athlete or Flying man.
Mazeppa—The tamer of Wild Horses.
Hamet—The man of good councils.
Mahomet—The strong.
Kazrac—The leader in deeds of war,
Mahmond—The favorite.
Ailah—The ever enduring.
Kabri—The Sorcerer.

The next Grand Feature is the Great EGYPTIAN DRAGON CHARIOT, drawn by Twelve Real SYRIAN CAMELS, two are sacred Albino, or White Camels, the only ones ever imported, in conveyance of the New York Brass Band attached to the company.

Another light of interest, which will be a part of the procession, is the QUEEN MAB'S FAIRY CHARIOT, Drawn by 12 Diminutive Shetland Ponies, Driven by the dwarf, MAJOR STEVENS, in conveyance of eight Juvenile Equestrians.

LOCOMOTIVE GAS! This exhibition will be lighted up as bright as noon-day, by the best of light from upwards of one hundred and fifty burners.

Some description of the acts and astonishing performance of these strange Arab people, are flying leaps, and double somersets. Among other surprising feats they leap over horses, springing from solid stone Battuut; while turning two somersetts in the air, will discharge muskets, seize daggers and pick up various objects, before returning to their feet, also forming pyramids or Human figures, and other feats which from their novelty forbid all description.

Mr. W. H. KEMP, the celebrated clown from Astley's Drury Lane Amphitheatre, who has won the sobriquet of the *Modern Grimaldi.*

ALSO 8 LADIES, the MISSES WELLS, three in number, Mrs. JOHNSON, Mrs. WELLS, Miss JOHNSON, la petite Equestrienne, Miss WELLS, Dansease and Equestriene. *Great Equestrianism* by Miss Wells.

Splendid performance of the 3 Diminutive Shetland Ponies, viz: *Rough & Ready, Black Hawk,* and *Bosphorus.*

Mr. KEMP, will perform his feat of *Walking on Crutches Nine feet High.*

Mr. G. W. SERGEANT will appear in one of his *Great Changeable Acts.*

Mr. C. W. JOHNSON, the Great Two and Four Horse Rider.

Miss JOHNSON, la petite sprite, is the youngest female Equestrian living.

Mr. NIXON and his two sons, William and George, will perform a variety of *Posturing* and *Gymnastics.*

Mr. KEMP'S Pantomine of the Harlequin's Frolics, or mistakes of a Night.

Doors open at 2½ P. M., and at 7½ in the Evening. Performance to commence at 3 P. M., and 7½ in the evening. Admission: Boxes, 25 cents, Children under 9 years, half price.

☞The Grand Procession and Spectacle entering towns on days of exhibition, will take place between the hours of 10 and 11, A. M., on the days of performance. C. GRISWOLD, Advertiser.

June 10, 1848. td—16

Wool! Wool!

1899 LBS. of Wool wanted at the store of May 17. H. CADWELL.

596 LBS. of those splendid smoked hams, shoulders and joles left, at [may 24,] H. COOK'S.

Erie Money

RECEIVED at par for a short time at my Store in exchange for all kinds of goods at marked Prices. H. CADWELL.

Erie, May 24. 9

WINES & LIQUORS.—Tavern keepers will always find the best assortment of Gin, Brandy, Monongahela whiskey, common do. Port, Madeira & Malaga Wines, &c., in town, at

May 10, H. COOK'S.

SODA BISCUIT.

A FRESH supply of Spencer's (Buffalo) Soda Biscuit, just received and for sale at No. 1, Perry Block by

Erie, May 12, 1848. T. W. MOORE.

LEGHORN and Chip Hats can be found cheap at May 17. TIBBALS & DEWEY'S.

Bonnets! Bonnets!

GOOD assrtment of Lap Leghorn, China Pearl, Lace, Straw Gimp, Rutland, &c. TIBBALS & DEWEY.

May 10. 7

STRAY BULL.—Came to the farm of the subscriber in Greene township, about the first of May, a light red bull, two years old, with a white spot on each shoulder, some white on the belly, and a white spot on the back. The owner is requested to come, prove property, pay charges and take it away. JAS. JOHNSON.

Greene, May 15, 1848.

ERIE Bank Notes taken at par, at the Jew Store of Moses Koch, in the Telegraph Building on French street, for goods.

May 11, 1848.

RECEIVED this morning by express some beautiful styles of Dress Goods, Shawls, &c. which we offer at unusually low rates. We would respectfully invite purchasers to call and Examine our stock as we are determined not to be undersold by any establishment in the place, either for ERIE MONEY, Produce or the *hard cash.* May 17. W. C. & R. P. HULBERT.

MORE NEW GOODS TO-DAY.

WE would invite the attention of the Ladies to our stock of Dress Goods, which we think beautiful and cheap, consisting in part of Silks, satins, Lustres, Plain and Santia striped and Plaid Mohair Lustres, Poil de Chevre, Foulards, Embroidered and Figured Lawns of the Latest styles, silks, &c. We would take this occasion to say, that since the brief notice we gave a few days we have received quantities of New Goods, staple and Fancy, and without giving in detail articles and prices, we would say our assortment is undoubtedly as large as is kept in the place, and prices we are pledged to make the lowest, not excepting those that puff the loudest. N. B. Erie Bank Notes taken at par at

Erie, May 12, 1848. METCALF'S.

Erie Woolen Factory.

19000 YARDS of Cloths and Cassimeres are now ready to be exchanged for Wool by the subscribers, at their usual rates of exchange. They have a variety of plaid and fancy stripes of the latest eastern patterns, for Gent's. pants and Boy's Clothes; also a good variety of all wool Tweeds for summer wear. We will also manufacture, the present season, at the following prices in cash, viz: For Black, brown, and steel-mix cloth, 31 cts per yard; cassimere of same colors 31 cts; white Flannel 25 cts, and pressed Flannel at 28 cents per yard.

Erie, May 11, 1848. MEHAFFEY & BREWSTER.

Mrs. Purdy's Confectionary, No. 9, Reed House Row.

MRS. PURDY would respectfully inform the public that she has taken the well know stand in the Reed House Row, recently occupied by M. W. Keith, where she has now and purposes keeping constantly on hand, a large variety of CONFECTIONARIES,

of her own manufacture, and sold wholesale and retail, with different kinds of REFRESHMENTS, such as Cakes, Pies, Bread and Butter Poached Eggs, Cold Fowls, Boiled ham, Pork and Beans, Hot Coffee, Soda Water, Ice Cream, &c., &c., all of which will be served up in the best and most palatable style. She has just received a fine assortment of TOYS, to which she invites attention.

Mrs. P. has fitted up a room, up stairs, expressly for the accomodation of Ladies who may wish to eat Ice Cream. She is determined not to be surpassed by any similar establishment west of Buffalo, and will endeavor to afford universal satisfaction. She indulges the hope that the same liberal patronage which was extended to her predecessor will be continued to her.

Erie, May 10, 1848.

Crape Shawls.

JUST received, a beautiful selection of Canton and French Crape Shawls, including the embroidered damasked, plaid and figured, various colors and patterns, together with an unusual variety of other Shawls and Scarfs, to be had very cheap on the corner near the Court House. C. B. WRIGHT.

June 1.

More Dress Goods.

I HAVE now a complete assortment of Ladies Dress Goods, which I am prepared to offer cheaper than ever. Also a nice lot of Crockery and Glassware, at C. B. WRIGHT'S.

[June 1] 3

WATER LIME—30 Bbls just received on consignment by [June 1] C. B. WRIGHT.

New Firm, New Goods and New Prices.

THE subscribers having associated themselves together in the merchantile business under the firm of Lounsberry & Wheeler, are prepared to sell Goods as low as they can be bought West of the City. We would therefore say to the Inhabitants of Cranesville and surrounding country, bring on your Butter, Cheese, eggs, grain, Lumber, Shingles, and a sprinkling of Cash, and examine the quality and prices of our Goods before purchasing elsewhere, as we intend to make it an object for those who wish to make ready pay for Goods, to buy them of us. Call and examine our stock—we make no charge for showing Goods.

N. LOUNSBERY,
Cranesville, June 3, 1848. tf 3 G. N. WHEELER.

New Store—New Goods.

THE subscribers have removed their stock of Goods to No. 5, Cheapside, one door South of Messrs. Tibbals & Dewey, where they are now receiving a general assortment of Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockery, Groceries, Iron, Nails, &c., which have been purchased lately at reduced prices, in the Eastern Cities. The Goods were purchased cheap and will be sold cheap, and I would invite their old customers and the public to call and examine quality and prices. [May 27] GEO. SELDEN & SON.

Harbor-creek Woollen Factory.

THE proprietors of this establishment, having made considerable addition to their machinery which is all new and of the best kind, and having experienced workmen in all the different branches of their business, are ready to exchange cloth for wool, or manufacture for pay, by the yard, on reasonable terms. They have on hand a large quantity of different kinds of cloth, flannels, blankets, shawls, cassimeres, and tweeds, as well as light summer wear of different bodies and qualities, to exchange for wool. We give one yard of cloth for 2½ pounds of wool, as goodas the wool will make.

Carding and Cloth-Dressing done as usual.

All kinds of produce taken for pay, and a liberal discount for Cash.

P S—We are preparing to make Broadcloth.

RHODES, CASS & Co.
Formerly Thornton & Co

Harborcreek, May 1848.

Wool! Wool! Wool!!!

WANTED any quantity of WOOL for which cash will be paid. S. JACKSON.

June 2. 15

Ladies Dress Goods.

WE have received this day by Express from New York a large and splendid assortment of Ladies Dress Goods, containing Printed and Plain French Muslin, Linin Lawns, do Ginghams, Balzarines, M. de Laine, &c. &c. which we would invite the attention of the Ladies. Call and see at No. 6, Cheapside.

Erie, May 17. TIBBALS & DEWEY.

RUTLAND BRAID, "Gipsy," Bird, Dunstable, Open Straw, Jenny Lind, China Pearl, Rough & Ready, Mixed Straw, English, French and Gimp Bonnets, of the latest style, for sale at reduced prices, at TIBBALS & DEWEY'S.

FRENCH English and American Prints, Spring styles; Jenny Linds from 4 to 12½ cents per yard, the highest price at

June 9 1848. TIBBALS & DEWEY'S.

MORE NEW GOODS TO-DAY.

WE would invite the attention of the Ladies to our stock of Dress Goods, which we think beautiful and cheap, consisting in part of Silks, satins, Lustres, Plain and santia striped and Plaid Mohair Lustres, Poil de Chevre, Foulards, Embroidered and Figured Lawns of the Latest styles, silks, &c. We would take this occasion to say, that since the brief notice we gave a few days we have received quantities of New Goods, staple and Fancy, and without giving in detail articles and prices, we would say our assortment is undoubtedly as large as is kept in the place, and prices we are pledged to make the lowest, not excepting those that puff the loudest. N. B. Erie Bank Notes taken at par at

Erie, May 12, 1848. METCALF'S.

Erie Woolen Factory.

19000 YARDS of Cloths and Cassimeres are now ready to be exchanged for Wool by the subscribers, at their usual rates of exchange. They have a variety of plaid and fancy stripes of the latest eastern patterns, for Gent's. pants and Boy's Clothes; also a good variety of all wool Tweeds for summer wear. We will also manufacture, the present season, at the following prices in cash, viz: For Black, brown, and steel-mix cloth, 31 cts per yard; cassimere of same colors 31 cts; white Flannel 25 cts, and pressed Flannel at 28 cents per yard.

Erie, May 11, 1848. MEHAFFEY & BREWSTER.

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Miscellany and News.

THE GIPSY'S WIFE.

From Chambers' Journal.

I live in an old tumble-down house, not a great many miles from London, and on the borders of a furzy common. Before the age of steam locomotion, this was considered the country; and even now, there is one solitary spot, where, from mossy knolls rising beneath clumps of antique trees, we overlook a perfectly retired and sylvan scene. A sparkling stream, like a silver thread, winds its way amid rich pasture land and thick beech plantations; an ivyed spire, furnished with a peal of soft musical bells, peeps forth from a distant village; and in the summer evening time it is pleasant to rest on those mossy knolls, and listen to the sad distant music.

The ruins of the old church may be traced from this point; wild roses and eglantine are around us, with violets and bluebells; a sweet honeysuckle porch is seen leading to a lowly-thatched hut; and there are lowing kine and bleating flocks by our side and in the distance. In this there is nothing wonderful; but only turn back not many hundred yards, and seek another point, from whence to view a very different and more widely-extended panorama—the vast wilderness of London, St. Paul's Westminister Abbey, hosts of steeples, myriads of chimneys, armies of masts and shipping clustering on the almost choked-up and hidden river, good old Thames; in fine, smoke, fog, and misery without end! Seen from this common, *there* the sun sets; but the holy moon rises behind the tall trees and the old church, which I can reach in less time than I have taken to gossip about it. Royalty for many years found a secluded and peaceful home on this ancient common, famed alike in history and legendary lore; but I know not if the ears of royalty were ever assailed by the same unearthly yells and hootings which so often disturb *our* retirement, and remind us of the descriptions we have read of the war-whoops of the Indian savages. The explanation is, that there are several stands of donkeys, where these animals are let out for hire, on different parts of the common; and the general assemblage, or grand emporium is close to the garden wall which bounds the domain once honored by a royal presence.

One evening during the past summer, as I was returning from a ramble by the side of a dear invalid, who was drawn about in a hand-carriage, two ragged little girls loitered around our gate from idle curiosity, to watch the occupant of the pretty green chariot assisted into the house. I was struck by the appearance of the elder of the two; for although with a quantity of matted black hair, a very dirty face, and still dirtier habiliments, I could trace a singular loveliness both of form and feature. She had large, languishing, blue eyes, shaded by long, black, silken lashes; but notwithstanding this, the gipsy physiognomy was decided; and as there were many of that tribe in the neighborhood, I doubted not that these vagrants were wanderers from their tents.—After regaling the poor little things with some tempting cakes, I asked the beauty her name, when she answered with distinctness and propriety, "Maizelli Lee, please ma'am."

"And what is your father, my dear?" I said.

"Father's a gipsy, please ma'am."

"And your mother is a gipsy too, I suppose, my dear?"

"No, mother's a lady, and drives donkeys, please ma'am."

I pressed the child to try and explain her meaning; but all the answer I could get was, "Mother's a lady, and keeps donkeys." She made me comprehend that the smallest and most *extensive* donkey-stand on the border of the common, nearest our house, belonged to her mother; and that her only brother, a little bigger than herself, was also an assistant in the business. She said their home was not very far off—"in the pits near the caverns," where a miserable collection of huts had been from time immemorial. Moreover, on questioning Mazelli further, I found she regularly attended the Rev. Mr. L.——'s Sunday-school, knew her catechism, "and said her prayers every night, when mother washed her face." I hoped that a portion of the latter statement was true; but the face-washing seemed quite incredible.

My curiosity was aroused; and the next day I walked close past the donkey-stand, which Mazelli Lee had described as being kept by her mother, "the lady:" and then I observed an individual whom I had often seen before, but without noticing her particularly, or giving her a second thought. This individual was a woman still young and good-looking, with the fresh color of unclouded health lighting up her blue eyes—eyes almost as beautiful as the little Mazelli's—and with an anxious expression fitting sometimes across the vacant but good-humored composure, which was the leading character of her countenance.

Her appearance was not at all that of a conventional heroine of romance; yet I could not help fancying that there was somewhat of different breeding, shown by her general bearing and unstudied attitudes, from that usually displayed by the race of females engaged in her boisterous calling. Her two little girls were squatted on the grass beside her; and a handsome specimen of a real, genuine-looking, good-for-nothing gipsey man was lolling at his ease near the group, in supreme enjoyment of a pipe. I did not like to speak to the mother and her daughters under these circumstances, because not patronizing donkeys, and being an inhabitant, it was not a very agreeable or perhaps safe acquaintance to form; but Mazelli knew me directly, and came bounding forward, while the woman courtesied silently, and without the usual vociferations of, "Donkey to-day, ma'am? steady donkey—quick donkey!"

One or two evenings afterwards I was in company with a voluble lady, who had come to our neighborhood for change of air, and was ordered by her medical attendant to take donkey exercise. She was full of a "most singular adventure she had met with—a perfect romance in real life:" and her gossip, to my great satisfaction, related to the donkey-woman. "Yesterday morning," said she, "my young friend Miss R——and myself, had donkeys brought to our door early for a long excursion; and while trotting along, attended by a frank, rosy-looking female, we began speaking to each other in French, not wishing the driver to understand our conversation.—After a while however the donkey-woman said very quietly, 'Ladies it is as well to tell you that I *understand French.*' We were at first speechless from surprise, and then from not knowing what to say—afraid of something we should not tell what, although she was by no means intrusive, but behaved with perfect propriety. By-and-by, in order to break the awkward silence, I remarked to Miss R——how well the singing had been conducted at St. Mark's church on the proceeding Sunday evening, when a very beautiful choral hymn had been sung, and the chanting exquisitely continued. We regretted that neither of us remembered the composer's name, as we desired to procure the music.

"'I have it at home, ladies,' said the donkey driver; 'it is taken from an old oratorio, and is part of my school music. I was at St. Mark's on Sunday, and felt pleased to hear it again.'

"She then offered to lend us the music in question; and this was modestly and simply said, just as if we *must* know her history, and therefore ought not or need not feel astonished at such discrepancies. However, when we did express our surprise, she simply narrated her story, which is this:—She was the only child of a wealthy farmer by his first marriage, and her mother dying during her childhood, she was placed at a boarding-school for young ladies, where she received the usual education. But she was idle, and hated learning; and when she left school and returned home, she found a step-mother, who did not treat her kindly, and became a severe taskmistress, to her thinking. A troop of gipsies coming into the neighborhood, she secretly formed their acquaintance: and in the end eloped with their chief, Mr. Johnnie Lee by name, and became his wife. After leading a wandering life for many years, she had induced her husband to settle here, from a desire that their unfortunate children should receive a 'Christian education,' as she termed it, and also because a relative of her husband's was a flourishing fly-proprietor in the vicinity, and might forward their views. But her husband was a rover by nature: idle and careless; and all she had been able to do was to establish a donkey business, and to attend to it herself. She declared that the pure air, and the untrammelled freedom of her mode of life, was suitable to her taste; and we pressed her no further, poor creature!"

Such was the tale I heard; too singular and improbable for a fictitious narrative, too extravagant for invention. It induced me to pay a visit, after the hours of donkey usage were over, to Mr. Johnnie Lee's hut "by the caverns." I knew by previous observation, that "the pits" contained wretched hovels, and still more wretched inhabitants; but the one I now entered was worse than I had ventured to anticipate. It consisted of only two rooms; the under one with a mud floor, with the ceiling broken and the upper floor projecting through. I did not ascend the ladder leading to *that*, for I saw quite enough below to surprise and bewilder me. A scene like this so near my own comfortable home, and in the midst of the rigorous properties of the conventional life!—and a woman of nearly the same grade, originally, as myself, of nearly the same bringing up, thus outraging the common decencies of life! How far beyond the saddest tales of romance or the wildest visions of fancy! Her three children were around her, supping on potatoes; but there was no snowy cloth on the tottering board, no cleanly basins of new milk, no fresh flowers in wicker baskets, nothing as it would have been were I relating a *fiction*. Outside there were no honey-bees or garden-plots, where sweet thyme, and mint, and sunflowers grow; nothing but foul donkey sheds adjoining, where, amid damp fodder and noisome stench, rested the weary animals ere they were turned out on the common to shift for themselves during the night. The gipsy husband was not there. I did not ask for him, for I guessed his haunt but too well. It was an "owre true tale" I had heard, and this was the moral.

Johnnie Lee's wife opened a chest which stood in one corner, containing the rags of the family, and amidst them lay concealed her sole earthly treasures: her father's miniature, some school-book, with her maiden name inscribed in them, which I forbear recording; and some torn and yellow-looking music—the music which she had offered the loan of to my acquaintance She gave me no further explanation; made no comments; but she did confess, that if it should please God to afflict her with sickness, she knew not what would become of them.—To her father and family she had been the same as dead since her disgraceful elopement. She had indeed purchased pure air and untrammelled freedom at a fearful price! Poor thing! with a smile on her lip, but with a tear in her eye, she added, "I do wish my children to receive a Christian education, and when I look on them, particularly on my little Mazelli, and remember their *inheritance*, I dare not think. But I have chosen my lot. My husband does not beat or ill-use me; he has given up many bad practices for my sake; and if he is rather fond of the shelter of the public-house, ought I to complain of that? Do not shed tears for me: I have no feeling for *myself*." And she said truly. A woman destitute of feeling seems an anomoly in human nature; but this she *must* be, and fine sympathies are wasted when expended on her. But for the poor little children my heart still bleeds. 'Gentle blood flows in their veins, for the ties of relationship cannot be broken; and what a curious family party would be formed of the mingled race: the most decorous and prosperous of the middling classes of the community in juxtaposition with the refuse of humanity—thieves, vagrants, and donkey drivers!

By Magnetic Telegraph.

Dispatches for the Tri-Weekly Observer.

BUFFALO MARKET, June 5, 1848.

Saturday was rather active than otherwise. We heard of the sale of 600 bbls Marine Mills flour, at $4 75; of 500 bbls western, fair brands at same; of 150 do at same figure. In wheat there were heavy sales: 10,000 bu Chicago, sold at 98c; 6000 bu Ohio at 101c; 10,000 do at same; 2300 bu inferior western at 99c. In Corn there was a fair demand: holders have advanced their views.—Sales this morning of 1200 bu at 38c; 2400 do at 39c; of 2500 do at 40c. Last evening 2700 do to arrive, at 38c. Oats continue inactive. Fair samples would bring 35c. Holders of mess pork are firm at $9 25, and moderate sales were made at that figure. Lard is firm at 5½c; sales considerable. Highwines sold this morning to the extent of 80 bbls at 18cents.

NEW YORK June 5—2 P. M.

The story of the new revolution in Mexico, and the repudiation of the Treaty was a hoax.

The treaty was ratified by the Chamber of Deputies on the 17th ult., 51 to 35. The other branch will no doubt approve it by a large majority.

A dispatch from Petersburg, says the Delta contains farther peace news.... Orders had been issued calling in the outposts of the army, which expected to march for the coast between the 1st and 15th of June.

Gen. P. F. Smith has been appointed superintendent of the embarcation at Vera Cruz. Gen. Worth's division is said to have been ordered to California.

Later accounts from the French West Indies, Guadaloupe and Martinique, represent things in a diplorable state,

The greatest vigilence was necessary to prevent an insurrection among the slaves, who believed that they are speedily to be emancipated. The new Governor appointed by the Provisional government of France had arrived. Out of the town of Gaudaloup there had been one continual scene of riot and drunkenness for three days.

The steamboat Andrew Kennedy, Capt. Miller, exploded on the Tombigbee river last Sunday week. Thirty persons were killed or missing, twelve badly wounded, and two dreadfully scalded. The wounded were conveyed to the marine hospital.

The steamer Clarksville was burned on the Mississippi, on the 27th ult. The Captain and crew, eight or ten in number, and thirty deck passengers, perished. The cabin passengers were saved.

MARKET.—The demand for flour good, and the supply of good brands is moderate. Sales at $5 31½ for common and good Michigan; 5 37½ for good Genesee. Corn is held at 61 a 62c for round yellow; *51 a 52 for mixed.*

A CARD.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the gentlemen of Erie and vicinity that he has opened a TAILORING SHOP on the South side of the Public Square, a few doors East of the Erie Bank, where he will at all times be ready and happy to wait upon those who may favor him with a call in this line of business. From long experience in some of the principal shops in London and other European cities, and strict attention to all business which may now be entrusted to him, he confidently hopes that he shall be always deemed worthy to receive a share of public patronage. His work shall be executed in such a manner as will bear a close and important inspection, and always in accordance with the prevailing fashions.

N. B.—Cutting done on the shortest notice.

JOHN GOLDING.

Erie, March 25, 1848. 3m15

Boot And Shoe Store.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has purchased the Shoe Stock and rented the stand of Samuel Hays, on the east side of the Diamond, second door from the corner of Sixth street, which he intends taking possession of on the 1st of March next, and will be happy to receive and accommodate his old friends and customers, and the public at large. He flatters himself that he will be able to make BOOTS, SHOES and all articles in his line of business, to order, with neatness, durability and dispatch, and at moderate rates. He hopes to receive, as he will endeavor to deserve, a liberal patronage.

He will constantly keep on hand an assortment of well made Boots and Shoes, which he will sell as cheap, if not cheaper, than can be had elsewhere. A. GABLE.

Feb. 24, 1848. 3m42

Administrator's Sale.

BY order of the Orphan's Court, will be exposed to sale by public auction or vendue on the premises in Girard on Tuesday the 20th day of June next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. all the right, interest, property claim, and demand of Joseph Wells, late of Girard, deceased, of the following lands, to wit: A certain village lot situate on the Ridge Road in the borough of Girard, bounded north by the high-way, east and south by lands of M'Connell & Webster, and containing eighty perches of land. *Also*, One other piece of land, situate in Girard township, described and bounded as follows: Beginning at the southeast corner of lands of Ephraim Martin, thence north twenty-six degrees, west one hundred and six perches to a post, thence north sixty four degrees, east twelve perches to a post, thence south twenty-six degrees, east one hundred and six perches to a post, thence south sixty-four degrees, west twelve rods to the place of beginning, containing seven acres and eighty perches of land, being part of a larger tract, No. 295. *Also*, one other lot in the borough of Girard and numbered in the plan of said borough with the number 87. *Also*, an undescribed piece of land lying north of the canal in said borough and township, bounded north by the high-way, east by lands of David Olin, and west by lands of Selah Pickel, *containing eighteen acres and one hundred* and forty-three perches. *Also*, the undivided half of forty acres of land situate in Girard township aforesaid, bounded north by lands of ——, east by lands of J. Clark, south by lands of —— Gregor, *and west by lands of David Olin, being part of tract 295. Also*, a certain village lot in the borough of Girard on the west side of Mechanic street, containing about one fourth of an acre, known as the M'Konvchie lot.

Terms of Sale.—One fourth on confirmation of sale, the balance in three equal annual instalments, to be secured by judgment, bond and mortgage. NAHAM SMITH, Adm'r.

May 10, 1848. 3tt

RAISINS.—Best quality by the box or single lb. at No. 3 Bonnel Block, state street. (May 8.) H. COOK.

OLIVE OIL.—A superior article for family use for sale very low by (May 8.) H. COOK.

FRESH Lemons and Oranges just received at May 10. H. COOK'S.

PICKLED Oysters, Gherkins, Sardines, London Porter, &c. just received by (May 10) H. COOK.

DR. TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA.

THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY MEDICINE IN THE TWO RLD.—This extract is put up in quar. bottles; it is six times cheaper, pleasanter, and warranted superior to any sold. It cures diseases without vomiting, purging, sickening or debilitating the patient.

GREAT FALL AND WINTER MEDICINE.

The great beauty and superiority of this Sarsaparilla over all other medicine is, while it eradicates diseases, it invigorates the body. It is one of the very best Fall and Winter medicines ever known; it not only purifies the whole system, strengthens the person, but it creates new, pure and rich blood; a power possessed by no other medicine. And in this lies the grand secret of its wonderful success. It has performed within the past two years, more than 35,000 cures of severe cases of disease; at least 20,000 of these were considered incurable.

More than 3,000 cases of Chronic Rheumatism;
2,000 cases of dispepsia;
4,000 cases of General debility and Want of Energy;
7,000 cases of the different Female Complaints;
2,000 cases of Scrofula;
1,500 cases of disease of the Kidneys and Dropsy;
6,000 cases of Consumption;

And thousands of cases of diseases of the blood, viz: Ulcers, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Pimples on the Face, &c., together with numerous cases of Sick Headache, Pain in the Side and Chest, Spinal Affections, &c., &c.

This, we are aware, must appear incredible, but we have letters from Physicians and our Agents from all parts of the United States, informing us of extraordinary cures. E. Van Buskirk, Esq., the first of the most respectable druggists in Newark, N. J., informs us that he can refer to more than 150 cases in that place alone. There are thousands of cases in the City of New York, which we will refer to with pleasure and to men of character. It is the best medicine for the preventative of disease known. It undoubtedly saved the lives of more than

5,000 CHILDREN THE PAST SEASON.

As it removed the cause of disease, and prepared them for the Summer season. It has never been known to injure in the least the most delicate child.

RHEUMATISM.

This Sarsaparilla is used with the most perfect success in Rheumatic complaints, however severe or chronic. The astonishing cures it has performed are indeed wonderful. Other remedies sometimes give temporary relief, this entirely eradicates it from the system even when the limbs are dreadfully swollen.

☞ Hear Mr. Seth Terry, one of the oldest and most respectable lawyers in Hartford, Conn. The following is an extract of a letter received from him:

DR. TOWNSEND,—I have used one bottle of your Sarsaparilla, and find it is excellent in its effects upon a chronic Rheumatic pain to which I am subject, from an injury sustained several years ago, in a public stage. Please send me two bottles to the care of Dr. Seymour. I have conversed with two of our principal physicians, and they recommend your Sarsaparilla. SETH TERRY.

Hartford, March 12, 1845.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

Cleanse and Strengthen. Consumption can be Cured. Bronchitis, Consumption, Liver Complaint, Colds, Catarrh, Coughs, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, Soreness in the Chest, Fever push, Night Sweats, Difficult or profuse Expectoration, Pain in the Side, &c. have been and can be cured.

DR. TOWNSEND—Dear Sir: Nearly twenty years ago I took a violent cold which settled on my lungs, and affected severely; indeed, finally it became a constant hacking cough; but not so severe as to prevent me from attending to my business. Within the last two years it increased on me gradually. At last, I became reduced—I breathed with difficulty, and raised with my Cough much bad matter, and for the last nine months previous to my using your Sarsaparilla, had regular night sweats. I was indeed, my friends and myself supposed that I would die with the consumption. But I have the happiness to inform you that to my surprise, after using three bottles of your Sarsaparilla, I find my health recovered. It relieved me gradually, and I am enjoying better health than I have for 20 years. I had almost entirely lost my appetite, which is all restored. You are at liberty to publish this with my name in the papers, if you choose.

My little girl, who is three years old, had a very bad cough the whole of last Winter. While using the medicine I gave her some of it; and it soon entirely relieved her as well as myself, and she is now as well and hearty as any child I ever saw. She was also full of little blotches; it took them away and her skin is smooth and fair now; and I am satisfied she recovered her health from using your excellent medicine. S. W. CONANT.

GIRLS, READ THIS.

You who have pale complexions, dull eyes, blotches on the face, rough skin, are "out of Spirits," use a bottle or two of the Doctor Townsend's Sarsaparilla. It will cleanse your Blood, remove the freckles and blotches, and give you animation, sparkling dyes, fine sprits, and beautiful complexion—all of which are of immense value to unmarried ladies.

TO MOTHERS & MARRIED LADIES.

This Extract of Sarsaparilla has been expressly prepared in reference to female complaints. No female who has reason to suppose she is approaching that critical period, "the turn of life," should neglect to take it, as it is a certain preventative for any of *the numerous and horrible* diseases to which females are subject at this time of life. This period may be delayed several years by using this medicine. Not as it is essential for those approaching womanhood, as it is calculated to assist nature, by quickening the blood and invigorating the system. Indeed this medicine is invaluable for all the diseases to which women are subject.

It braces the whole system, renews permanently the natural energies—by removing the impurities of the body—but so far stimulating the system as to produce a subsequent relaxation which is the case of most medicines taken for female weakness and disease.

SCROFULA CURED.

This certificate conclusively proves that this Sarsaparilla has perfect control over the most obstinate diseases of the blood. Three persons cured in one house is unprecedented.

THREE CHILDREN.

Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir, I have the pleasure to inform you that three of my children have been cured of the Scrofula by the use of your excellent medicine. They were afflicted very severely with bad sores, have taken only four bottles; it took them away, for which I feel myself under deep obligation.

Yours respectfully, ISAAC W. CRAIN, 100 Wooster-st.

New York, March 1, 1847.

CAUTION.

Owing to the great success and immense sale of Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, a number of men who were formerly our Agents, have commenced making Sarsaparilla, Elixirs, Bitters, &c. &c. They generally put it up in the same shaped bottles, claiming that theirs is far superior and four times stronger than Dr. Townsend's, &c., hoping thereby to deceive the public. Some of these unprincipled men have published certificates signed by fictitious names stating they have used Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and that it injured them &c. These, and a great variety of other tricks are performed by these men, to sell their trash. The public should be on their guard, and look out for counterfeits.

Notice—After the first of January, 1848, none will be genuine unless they are put up with a steel engravent copper plate Label, containing the fac simile of Dr. Townsend's name, thus—S. P. Townsend.

Principal office, 126 Fulton street, Sun Building, N. Y.; Redding & Co., 8, State street, Boston: Dyott & Sons, 132 North 2d street Philadelphia; S. S. Hance, Druggist, Baltimore; P. M. Cohen, Charleston; Wright & Co. 131, Chestnut street, New Orleans; 165, South Pearl street, Albany: and by all the principal Druggists and Merchants generally throughout the United States, West Indies, and the Canadas.

CARTER & BROTHER and BURTON & PERKINS, Wholesale and Retail Agents for Erie County—J. S. Hopkins for Springfield.

May 1, 1848. 1y32

EARLY ARRIVAL OF CHEAP GOODS.

THE subscriber is now receiving his full stock of Spring Goods, the first in market, consisting in part of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Iron and Nails, &c., &c. My stock is selected with large and well selected care, and will be sold as low as the lowest. I believe in not letter remedy. Also, the most obstinate diseases, such as Ulcer Sores, Scald Head, Humors of the Skin, Inflamation, Piles, Sore eyes, Sprains, Bruises and Burns, it seems to be a perfect antidote. People would come into the store smiling, wishing to know if I was really the seventh Son, or whether the Ointment that I gave them was, indeed, All-Healing in its nature. For said they, not one single application has failed to cure.

I ever Complaint, particularly, was treated with great and universal success.

It produced such good results in all cases, that it has been noised abroad, and I was offered sums of money for a receipt, to make it for private use merely. Every man spoke well of it, as it had done so much good.

Notwithstanding all, I have been careful not to recommend it, except in cases I know it would do good. I was never willing to lend myself to any thing without testing its merits. This I endeavored to do on every occasion, and when I acted as one as the Sick Committee in the Lodge of I. O. of O. F. I then tested it upon Brothers in the most critical conditions, and had abundant opportunity of proving its worth.

Also in conclusion, I would remark that I have placed this Ointment before the people of the U. States during the last 9 or 12 mo's, and so general has been the satisfaction, and so great amount of good done, that more than half a million of boxes has been sold. I so really believe there never was a medicine which gained such wide spread, universal and unanimous satisfaction as the All-Healing Ointment. From all parts of the land there have come up one deep, sincere, and universal voice of approbation, saying 'McAlister, thy tongue hath dropped the word of truth and love, while health forever attends thy footsteps." And were I now to give all the good sayings of the people, their unqualified approval, their thankfulness and gratitude, their joy at recovering from disease and sickness, I could fill a volume.

JAMES McALISTER, New York.

☞ The above medicine may be had at the Drug and Chemical Store of BURTON & PERKINS, Erie. cow3m51

SHAWLS! SHAWLS! SHAWLS!

SILK, Printed Cashmere, Tissue and M. de Lane Shawls just received by (May 17.) TIBBALS & DEWEY.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

ARRIVING IN LARGE QUANTITIES at the Old Jew Store, in the Telegraph Building, on French street. Messrs has just returned from the cities, safe and sound, and in great good humor, (of course,) after purchasing a very large, a very pretty and a very cheap lot of GOODS. These goods he has determined to sell on the principal of "SMALL PROFITS AND QUICK RETURNS," and to get them out of the way as soon as possible, if not sooner, therefore any man, woman or child wishing to buy GOODS cheap, will know where to go. Our assortment of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES & CROCKERY is complete. Please notice the following Silk and Fancy Goods:

Plaid Poult de Soi,	Swiss and Barred Muslins,
Watered do	Embroidered Robes,
Black Gros de Rhine,	Rep Silks, assorted colors,
Florence, assorted colors,	Lawn and Mohair Ginghams,
Tissue & Cashmere Shawls,	Canton Crape Shawls,

Lace Caps and Collars, Swiss, Thread, and muslin Edgings, Ribbons and Flowers Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, &c.

Also, French Black Clothes and Cassimers, Fancy and Summer Cassimers, Cashmeets, Mohair and Worsted Coating of every description; Satin, Fancy Silk and Cashmere Vestings, Silk and Satin Scarfs, Stocks and Ties, Silk Elitin and Kid Gloves, Gumelastic Suspenders, Collars, Bosoms, &c. April 12, 1848.

LADIES DRESS GOODS.

THIS day opening, a great variety of Dress Goods, comprising in part the fashionable Silk and Linen Tissues, and Goat's Hair Shalleys, Grenadines, shaded Barages, Robe de Gauze, Swiss obes, changeable Poil de Chevers, French Jaconett Plaids, Swiss and dotted Lawns, together with an unusual variety of cheap fast colored Lawns and Ginghams all of which I can an will sell as cheap as the cheapest, at my store, opposite the Eagle Hotel.

C. B. WRIGHT.

Erie, April 20, 1848. 50

NEW GOODS FOR SPRING TRADE.

NOW receiving a very large stock, and selling at prices far, very far below any thing ever offered in Erie before. Further particulars hereafter. In the meantime, please call at the corner store, Reed House. P. METCALF.

Erie, April 29, 1848. 50,

300 PIECES Figured and Plain Green Window and Wall Paper, at the old Jew Store of M. KOCH.

April 31, 1848. 1

Lumber Wanted.

I WILL pay CASH for 500,000 feet of Hemlock Lumber, delivered at my dock in Erie. Bills will be given for the first wanted Also for any quantity of Poplar, Cucumber, White Oak, White Ash, Cherry, Chestnut and common Pine Lumber.

Erie, April 22, 1848. WM. TRUESDALE.

JUST RECEIVED

AT MRS. ROOD'S Millinery Establishment, a new assortment of Bonnets, Ribbons, Artificials, &c. which the ladies are invited to examine. May 12, 1848.

Orphans Court Sale.

WILL be sold at public auction or vendue on Monday the 12th day of June next, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the market house, in the borough of Erie, all the right interest and claim of Margaret Laird late of said borough deceased, at the time of her decease, the south half of a full inn lot in said borough of Erie, composed of inn lots Nos. 1287 and 1286, fronting on State street forty one feet and extending back westwardly 165 feet: on said lot there are some fine fruit trees but no other improvements.

Terms of sale, one third in hand the balance in two equal annual instalments with interest, to be secured by judgment, bond and mortgage. JAMES LYTLE, Administrator of MARGARET LAIRD.

May 12, 1848.

McAllister's All-Healing Ointment.

ABOUT the year 1817, I was living in the western part of this state pursuing the occupation of a farmer. One day while chopping in the wood, I took by chopped my foot nearly off, instead of the tree. During this misfortune I employed myself in perusing the fragment leaves of an old volume, printed in England some hundred of years ago. Among these scattered leaves I read of an herb which had been analyzed by some of England's ancient Alchemysts, showing properties and qualities never before found in any plant that was ever discovered.

This one herb under the force of the Retort and Crucible, developed more than ten distinct properties. This fact struck my mind so forcibly, that it was impossible for me to get rid of it. Something seemed to tell me that Providence, whose special care is extended toward all his creatures, had never concentrated into one small herb so many medical qualities, as various and as complicated, although perfectly identical as the human blood, without a wise and good purpose. Here was to be found the acids, the alkalies, the oils, the water, the air, the salts, the soda, &c., all combined, concentrated, and chemically united into one single element of power, forming substance more allied and in affinity to the human blood than was ever before discovered in the works of nature.

Laboring under these impressions for several years I became uneasy and discontented, and unwilling to confine myself to the duties of a farmer.

Everything seemed to point my mind to one object, viz: the preparation of this herb into medicine. I then determined to return to the city of New York. I did so, and immediately inquired for the herb. It was not to be found. I then sent to Europe and there found it under another name.

Having prepared the article to my satisfaction, I gave it away to all who would use it. Hundreds, I might say thousands, took it into their families and used it, some for one thing and some for another, all from the very first to the very last, pronounced it of unrivalled excellence and power.

The first case that came under my observation was a man that had lost the use of his arm for some years. The ointment restored the use of his arm completely in a few days. This surprised me as much as it did the patient. After him came a man with sore eyes produced by gunpowder—a very bad one indeed. One box only, sufficed to make a perfect cure. And I would here remark that hundreds have been cured of sore eyes who never found any relief save in this ointment.

There next came a woman who was suffering excruciating pain from the ague in the face. Her physician (thinking it the toothache) had extracted seven of her teeth. But the difficulty remained as bad as ever. The application of the All-Healing Ointment was attended with immediate cessation of pain. Her face however began to swell, and the surface was covered over with pimples or eruption like prickly heat. In one day all this disappeared. And at the same time, a lady made application with it for the headache of long standing, and a falling of the hair. Since this I have known the Ointment to cure cases of ten, twenty and forty years standing I hesitate not to say, that it is almost an infallible remedy for this complaint.

About this time there were two cases, one of Consumption, and the other of Scrofula, which had baffled the skill of every physician upon whom they had called. It was wonderful to witness the effect the Ointment on these persons. No one would believe it unless they had personally witnessed it. But it did the work properly. There was no half way business, for they recovered their health in a few months.

Rheumatism, Fever, Quincy, Sore Throat, Cutaneous Eruptions Diseases of the Spine, and Nervous Complaints were treated with unheard of success. But for those diseases, such as Ague in the breast or stomach, I believe is no letter remedy. Also, the most obstinate diseases, such as Ulcer Sores, Scald Head, Humors of the Skin, Inflamation, Piles, Sore eyes, Sprains, Bruises and Burns, it seems to be a perfect antidote. People would come into the store smiling, wishing to know if I was really the seventh Son, or whether the Ointment that I gave them was, indeed, All-Healing in its nature. For said they, not one single application has failed to cure.

I ever Complaint, particularly, was treated with great and universal success.

It produced such good results in all cases, that it has been noised abroad, and I was offered sums of money for a receipt, to make it for private use merely. Every man spoke well of it, as it had done so much good.

Notwithstanding all, I have been careful not to recommend it, except in cases I know it would do good. I was never willing to lend myself to any thing without testing its merits. This I endeavored to do on every occasion, and when I acted as one as the Sick Committee in the Lodge of I. O. of O. F. I then tested it upon Brothers in the most critical conditions, and had abundant opportunity of proving its worth.

Also in conclusion, I would remark that I have placed this Ointment before the people of the U. States during the last 9 or 12 mo's, and so general has been the satisfaction, and so great amount of good done, that more than half a million of boxes has been sold. I so really believe there never was a medicine which gained such wide spread, universal and unanimous satisfaction as the All-Healing Ointment. From all parts of the land there have come up one deep, sincere, and universal voice of approbation, saying 'McAlister, thy tongue hath dropped the word of truth and love, while health forever attends thy footsteps." And were I now to give all the good sayings of the people, their unqualified approval, their thankfulness and gratitude, their joy at recovering from disease and sickness, I could fill a volume.

JAMES McALISTER, New York.

☞ The above medicine may be had at the Drug and Chemical Store of BURTON & PERKINS, Erie. cow3m51

HEAVES! HEAVES! HEAVES!

THERE never was a remedy discovered, by the ingenuity of man for removing diseases from Horses, that equalled COLLMAN'S HEAVE POWDERS, in curing that most trouble-some, obstinate and dangerous complaint. If a case is at all curable, these powders will just as surely remove it as they are taken. This is no fiction, as many of the most respectable persons in different parts of the country, can testify from actual trial. One, two, or three bottles at most, if all that is necessary to cure the worst cases; also in cough and where the wind has been injured, ONE bottle will be found of great service. And what is the cost of three bottles compared to the loss of even an ordinary horse? Try it then, you who have horses suffering for the want of such an article. Price 50cts. per bottle. For sale by CARTER & BROTHER, Erie,

BOYD, VINCENT & Co., Waterford,
B. C. TOWN & Co., North East,
S. STEWART & Co., Concord.

PROTECTION.

THE Erie County Mutual Insurance Company continues to insure against loss and damage by fire, on buildings, goods and merchandize of all descriptions. Office on the East side of the Public Square, between 6th and 7th streets.

DIRECTORS.

Wm. Beaty,	J. H. Williams,
J. C. Spencer,	George Selden,
Thomas Willis,	Smith Jackson,
Giles Sanford,	Elijah Babbitt,
C. M. Tibbals,	John A. Tracy,
W. H. Townsend,	Hamlin Russell,
	Henry Cadwell,

GILES SANFORD, President.
J. C. SPENCER, Treasurer.
George Selden, Secretary.

Erie, June 3, 1847. 1y2

GREATEST MEDICINE OF THE AGE!

STANTON'S ENTERNAL REMEDY, CALLED HUNT'S LINIMENT, has received the above title from thousands who have been benefitted by its use. Its operation is wonderful. Never failing to give immediate relief, and permanently curing the diseases for which it is recommended. For the last year I have placed before the public testimony of undoubted character from many persons well known throughout the county of Westchester, where the great reputation of this medicine was first established. During the past year I have received from all parts of this county, Specimens of evidence of the great value of this celebrated remedy sufficient to fill volumes, of which I have selected a few certificates. For the following diseases Hunt's Liniment is a certain, safe and speedy cure

Rheumatism, Spinal affection, Weakness and Pains in the back and chest, contractions of the muscles, sore Throat, Quinsey, Issues, Ulcers, Ague in the breast and face, Tooth ache, Sprains, Bruises, Salt Rheum, Burns, Croup, frosted Feet, Bunnons, Corns, and all diseases of the Nerves. As a strengthner of the Nervous System it exceeds all the plasters and medicines in the world. It is only necessary to try it to be convinced that it will do all that the proprietor professes. Its reputation is constantly increasing, *and in every instance where it has been used it is always* kept as a necessary Family Medicine. Read the evidence from abroad.

CERTIFICATE.

East Berlin, Pa., May 28, 1847.

Geo. E. Stanton—Dear Sir; I consider it my duty to express my sentiments in behalf of your invaluable medicine. *Hunt's Liniment.* I have for some time past used the Liniment in my practice, for various diseases, and feel satisfied, from the success attending its applications, that it merits all that can be said in its behalf. I consider it one of the best *external remedies* I have ever used in case of Tetter, Ringworm, Salt Rheum, Pains, Bruises, Swellings, Cuts, &c. The cheap rate at which the article is to be had, places it within the reach of all. It should form the princip al external remedy of every family. DANIEL BAKER, M. D.

This Liniment is sold by all the respectable Merchants & Druggists throughout the country, and by the Proprietor at Sing Sing, N. Y. GEORGE E. STANTON.

For sale by J. H. Burton, Erie; B. C. Town, North East; S. L. Jones & Co., Girard.

Erie, May 1, 1848. 6m53

NEW GOODS FOR THE POPULAR TRADE.

JUST receiving the most extensive, richest and cheapest assortment of Gentlemen's and Ladies' DRESS GOODS ever exhibited in this market—comprising a large and well selected assortment of LADIES' fine Dress Goods, suited to the fashions. Our editors make such wry faces we cannot give our usual long catalogue. Suffice it to say, we will sell fine yard-wide Lawns as low as 11 cents, and other GOODS in proportion. Also a large lot of STAPLE GOODS at full 40 per cent. below past prices.

Ladies and Gentlemen this will be the most favorable time to replenish your wardrobes that you will find in a long time to come.

N. B. I would invite the attention of the young Ladies—this being the year of promise—to our rich assortment of fine Goods, just right for the occasion, at 30 per cent. below former prices. In short our motto is the nimble sixpence, and for Cash we will sell Goods a shade lower than any house west of sunrise.

Erie, April 17, 1848. H. CADWELL.

13 POUNDS good Coffee for one dollar, at May 10, 1848. H. COOK'S.

REMOVAL.

GEORGE SELDEN & SON have removed their store to No. 5, Cheapside, one door south of Tibbals & Dewey's store. They have a general assortment of Goods, and will be receiving a new stock in a few days. Erie, May 12, 1848.

THROUGH BY EXPRESS.

STRAW GOODS AND PALM LEAF HATS.—We have just received one of the largest assortments of Ladies' Bonnets ever brought to this market, embracing all the late styles of Florence and Bird's Eye Braids, Rutland and China Pearl Straws, Swiss French, English and American Lace and Gimps, in endless variety, as well as the late styles of Gentlemen's Pedal, Leghorn and Palm Leaf Hats, all of which will be sold on the most favorable terms.

BROWN & McCARTER.

Erie, April 27, 1848. 50

SHAWLS IN GREAT VARIETY.

200 DIFFERENT PATTERNS and styles of SHAWLS, including the fashionable Canton Crape, ranging from $5 50 to $18 00, all shades. Also, the French Crape Barage, Summer Cashmere, plain and embroidered; Delanes, plaid and plain Silks, and in short I am bound to suit the most difficult before me in Shawls. C. B. WRIGHT.

Erie, 20, 1848. 50

White Fish.

A NEW supply direct from Mackinac on the corner opposite the Court House, by C. B. WRI